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VOLUME 5. CINCINNATI, AUGUST 3, 1889. NUMBER 5.

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CINCINNATI, O.
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C. C. STOWELL, Secretary.

CINCINNATI - - - AUGUST 3, 1889

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A MATERIALIZING SEANCE WITH MRS. MILLER.

BY ELLA WILSON MARCHANT.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

You call for experiences to be published in your paper, and so I venture to send you a pretty lengthy report of a late experience of my own and others:

On Wednesday evening, June 5th, 1889, myself and husband, together with a near neighbor, went to Mrs. Nannie Miller's, of Los Angeles, but now temporarily stopping in San Bernardino, to attend a materializing seance given by herself. There we met Mr. and Mrs. L. Meacham, Mrs. John Isaacs, Mr. Miller, the husband of the medium, and Lily, the daughter, a child of about seven years—making eight in all beside the medium. We were ushered into a rather large room, in which were a bed and a few chairs—the only furniture in the room except the matting on the floor and the cabinet, which stood up against the outer front wall, and was of rude construction, consisting of a rough, rectangular framework, from which hung suspended three old gray blankets, covering three sides, the front blanket having had a square aperture cut out near the top, over which hung a small curtain which could be thrust out with the hands by any one standing on the inside. This light and simple construction, with the front blanket thrown over the top as we went in, fully exposing the inside up to the bare wall, was tilted over to show that there was nothing superfluous about it, no hidden traps, paraphernalia or anything of the kind, and then moved a short distance from its first position, all in plain sight of all the company.

The walls of the room were plastered, and there were no closets opening into it. The bed was on the opposite side of the room from the cabinet, and part of the circle sat between it and the cabinet. Mrs. Miller left the room to put her baby to bed, and soon sent for me. Upon my reaching the bedroom to which she had gone, she informed me that she desired me to examine her person and clothing. She took off her corset, saying that the spirits would not allow her to sit for materialization with it on; and then, one by one, she loosened and showed me every garment she had on, and I handled the same with my own hands. With the exception of three small garments next her body, she did not have on a white garment of any kind. Then we both together, side by side, went into the room where the cabinet was, and she immediately took her seat inside of it, sitting in a low rocking-chair.

Upon taking her seat she requested that her hands be tied together. Nothing more suitable being found in the company, a large white pocket handkerchief was twisted the longest way, and her wrists tied together with it, she objecting, however, to the white handkerchief, as she preferred something dark. Mr. Meacham did the tying, with Mr. Marchant standing by to see how it was done, and the nature of the knot. Then we—eight of us—took our places in front of, and several feet from, the cabinet after the curtain had been dropped. Mr. Marchant and myself being acquainted with every one in the room, we were requested to sing, and after singing for some minutes, loud raps came from the cabinet to indicate that the medium was entranced, and that "Red Face," the Indian cabinet control, was in charge.

The lamp, which had been placed behind my chair on the floor, was turned down previously, so that the room was dimly lighted, but not too dimly for us to distinguish and recognize every member of the company. Soon the curtain began to shake as though hands were thrust against it. Then a white form, at first indefinite as to shape, began to lift and partially turn back the corners and sides of the front curtain. White vapory-looking hands were thrust out at the sides, and through the aperture near the top. Those coming out of the aperture soon began a beckoning motion. Mr. Miller and daughter explained that the spirits desired some one to throw them a handkerchief. I was the first one to toss mine. It did not reach the aperture but fell on the floor some inches from the curtain. I started forward to pick it up, but before my fingers could touch it it was snatched behind the curtain from the bottom of the cabinet. Others threw down their handkerchiefs and then tried to pick them up again before they were snatched from the inside, but in only one case was it a success, the spirits always being too quick for the mortals. Then a chair was placed in front of the cabinet with the back toward the curtain. A white hand and arm reached through the aperture, and, taking hold of the chair, raised it to the ceiling, which was very low—too low for the chair to be taken into the cabinet over its top, as Mr. Miller said would otherwise have been done.

An accordion, which had been the only article to be seen inside the cabinet until the medium and her rocking chair went inside, was played upon behind the curtain, and occasionally thrust through the aperture, the white hands and arms operating it plainly visible, and at the same time other hands would be thrust out at the side where the division between two blankets occurred. Then a tall female form, clad in white, with long hair hanging down her back, and partially covered by a thick white veil, began coming out at intervals and walking back and forth in front of the cabinet, picking up and moving the chair from one side to another. Sometimes she came to Mrs. Meacham, who sat nearest the cabinet, and led her back and forth with her, to gather strength, they told us. Soon and while we were singing, a medium-sized female form, in a loose white robe, came from the cabinet directly toward me, and the Indian control from behind the curtain called out, "Miranda is here; Miranda." (That was the name of a sister of mine who died many years ago in the State of Indiana, at the age of ten years.)

I arose and took her hands, and said in a questioning tone, "Miranda?" The form nodded its head. "Miranda! oh Miranda!" I exclaimed with emotion, and tried to grasp her in my arms, but she shrank from me, and began retreating toward the cabinet, throwing kisses, with the usual sound attending them, as she went. As I took my seat again, Red Face called out from the cabinet, "You get too excited to get good results. You will get better manifestations if you don't get so much excited." The hands, by the way, which I had taken hold of, had a dry, flaky feeling, and were not as life-like to the touch as others that I handled during the evening.

The form was one of almost dazzling whiteness from head to foot, face and all, with a thick nun-like veil covering the hair, so that with the subdued light in the room and the shortness of the time I had for examining, I could not define her features, but so far as I could see, the general contour of the face was similar to that of my sister as I remember her.

I cannot pretend to give the number of spirits that came out during the evening, nor the order in which they came, nor to whom they came; but will more particularly describe my own experiences. Suffice it to say, however, that spirits came to every one in the circle, unless it was Mr. Miller; I do not remember seeing any one come to him, and to some of them many times. The second form that came to me was a male spirit in dark clothes. He came to me with his hands extended. I took them, and he led me rapidly back and forth in front of the cabinet, and nearly all the time he was rubbing my hands over a long, flowing, rather pointed beard as black as night and as soft as silk, though with rather a flaxy like texture, each separate whisker, if I may so speak of it, seeming rather broad and flat, instead of round and wiry. I once examined what purported to be a small bunch of materialized hair cut by little Lizzie Plimly of Oakland, several nights before, from her little Indian girl control; and the hair that I felt during the evening (which I did several times) felt just as that hair did, and, so far as I could see, looked just as it did, except that this beard that I am describing felt more soft and silky as the hands were rubbed over it.

The neighbor who went with us had a male spirit come to her twice during the evening, and she describes his beard as being large and bushy, covering his face, and that he had a heavy mustache, which was not the case with the one I am speaking of. I could see plainly enough to discern a very dark-complexioned man with, as I thought, an Oriental appearance, but that was all. He soon retreated into the cabinet, and other spirits began to come. What purported to be Mr. Marchant's first wife came to him and whispered a communication to him which was in keeping with a spirit communication that he has been receiving for some time through different mediums and by different methods. Then she came to me. At first I supposed it was Miranda again, although perceiving that it was a taller form, and so I said, "Miranda?" She was whispering all the time, but as yet I had not caught a word. For answer, she placed my hand on a ring on the third finger of her left hand, which I felt very plainly, and which was sufficient answer to my question that it was not Miranda, since I knew she had no ring. This spirit patted me on the head, I heard the word "Ella," and distinguished enough to understand that she wanted to talk to me but could not get sufficient power to do so.

She was whispering in my ear thus one moment, and the next she went down spat! upon the matting of the floor, seeming to have struck with the hands, and was gone almost ere I could look down—quite so, in fact, for, on looking down, I could see nothing whatever of the form that had just been walking and whispering by my side. She came to me several times during the evening, always whispering, and I believe in each case remaining thus whispering by me until she dematerialized spat! on the floor at my feet. Once she succeeded in speaking plainly enough to give me a short communication, and it was similar to the one she had whispered to Mr. Marchant. My sister also came to me again for a moment, and said in a whisper, "I cannot get power to talk."

Perhaps about midway during the seance I was told from the cabinet that they wished me to measure the spirits, and asking me if I had a pencil. I took one from my pocket and sat with it in my hand, when the same male spirit who came to me before (at least to all seeming the same) came to me, led me to the cabinet, took the pencil out of my hand and placed it in the hand of Mrs. Meacham, who sat nearest; then drawing me close to him, he held up his face, turning it from side to side, and for a moment or so I saw quite plainly a dark, strong-looking face, with a slight ruddy tinge on the cheek bone, and black hair and beard. Then he drew me into the cabinet. As soon as we were inside the curtain he spoke in an audible voice, low and soft, but unmistakably a male voice, and perfectly natural and human like in its inflections, "We want to magnetize you and give you a little more strength. Fold your hands," and taking hold of me apparently with both hands, he turned me around toward the front of the cabinet, and then it seemed as though there must have been at least a half dozen hands (if not that many pairs of hands) on me at once, patting me on different portions of the body, but principally on the back, and so forcibly, too, that instead of folding my hands, I grasped the corner post of the cabinet to brace myself so that I could maintain my balance. At the same time there was, at intervals, a loud clapping as of hands just over my head, and also what seemed like a little child pulling at my dress. (I had previously been told that I had a little pappoose in the cabinet that wanted very much to get to me; and I have frequently been told by different mediums in different parts of the state of a child which I lost prematurely several years ago, also that my sister had the child in her care.)

After I had been "magnetized" a female voice spoke, and what seemed to be a female spirit took hold of my hands and placed them on the bandaged, rigid hands of the medium, and over her face, as she lay back in her chair, saying in the meantime, "See the medium." Then she took me out of the cabinet from the same corner by which I had entered, crossed with me in front of the cabinet in plain sight of the company, and lifting the corner of the blanket near where the medium sat, again placed my hands upon the medium. This was afterwards repeated with three other members of the circle.

After I had taken my seat I was told to take my pencil and go and stand by the wall, ready to measure the spirits. I took my station where directed, about six or more feet from the cabinet, and the spirits came out, one at a time, and stood against the wall until I had made a pencil stroke just above their heads, when they would dart back to the cabinet, making a queer, peculiar pattering on the floor as they went. The heights varied in each instance, the tallest being the male spirit, which, by actual measurement, afterwards proved to be five feet, seven inches. The next in height was the female cabinet spirit, called Frances; and the shortest, a little girl, four feet, four inches. In nearly every case I placed my hand on top of the head in seeking to make the measurement, and felt the hair, and it was all of that peculiar flax like texture.

At one time Red Face exclaimed, as though to one in the cabinet, "Don't rush out before you are ready; you're in too much of a hurry," or words to that effect. When the shortest and last spirit came out, in my haste to put my hand on top of her head quickly, it seemed as though I struck my finger into an empty socket where the eye should have been, making me shudder. Some one called the name "May," supposing the spirit to be the same as one by that name who had appeared and announced her presence during the evening. I said, "Is it May?" almost at the same moment that I had seemingly struck the empty socket, and in response she threw a sounding kiss. This was the seventh form, and when she had returned to the cabinet it was announced by Red Face that the power was exhausted, and no more spirits could come out to be measured.

These measurements were all examined afterwards, and it was found that no two were of the same height. Mr. Miller told me that this was the first time that the spirits, through this medium, had requested to be measured in this state. Once, he said, in the house of Rev. Samuel Watson, in Tennessee. Mr. Watson had been requested to measure spirits, on which occasion nine came out to be measured; and Mr. Miller said that Mr. Watson tells of it in one of his books.

In the early part of the circle I had on my shoulders a long red scarf, which I had doubled together, thus shortening it one half. Upon going into the cabinet I had cast it off without knowing it. As I now took my seat after measuring the spirits, the tall female cabinet spirit came to me with it extended at full length over her arms, and I arose and took it from her, saying, "Thank you."

At intervals, during the evening, a little white figure would appear at the lower right hand corner of the cabinet, and this, too, while another spirit would be outside. This little figure was supposed to represent the little pappoose which Red Face said belonged to me, and wanted so much to come to me. I asked if they could not bring it out. They promised to try. Not long after the measuring scene I was told to go and sit down nearer to the cabinet, and soon the tall female spirit, Frances, came out. This spirit could be distinguished by her height, and also from the fact that her clothing seemed to fit more nearly to the form than did that of the other spirits, and was bunched and draped in the back a good deal like the prevailing mode of female dress; and also because of her long hanging hair. I saw that she held a small white bundle in her arms, seemingly done up in a light fleecy white shawl. I reached out my hands, saying, "Is that the baby? Am I to take it?" In response came the whisper, "Walk up and down with me." It seemed, somehow, as though constant motion was necessary to nearly all the forms that came out. I did as requested, and after a few turns came another whisper, "It is dematerializing," and back into the cabinet she slipped. From the inside then came the information from Red Face that they would get a little more strength, and then try it again, and I was directed to change places with Mrs. Meacham, who is a much larger and stronger woman than I am, so as to give them more forces.

In a few minutes she came out again, and this time the child, or something in the form of a child, was plainly discernible in her arms, clad in long, white infant robes, and with a small, flesh-colored head. Several crowded around her to see it; Lily, Mrs. Miller's daughter, asked permission to kiss it, and she claimed that she did kiss it right on the mouth; and others took hold of the long robe. As I watched it the head seemed to be growing smaller. My neighbor, who went with us to the seance, in addition to taking hold of the robe, placed her hand on the head, which, as she afterwards stated, seemed no larger to the touch than a hand. The spirit slipped back into the cabinet again, and then we were told that the child was dematerializing all the time they were out. Said Red Face, "When that squaw put her hand on its head it was half dematerialized."

A spirit came out, led me to the cabinet, and began walking back and forth. Then taking Mrs. Meacham by one hand, and me by the other, led us both back and forth several times. All at once she went down at the feet of both. The next moment Mrs. Meacham exclaimed, "Why, how is this? I had hold of her hand, and now I have yours!" Sure enough, the hand by which she had been holding the spirit and the hand by which I had been doing the same, were fast locked together. They had been almost an arm's length apart just before the spirit went down. How were they so suddenly brought together without either of us being aware of it at the moment that it was done?

Mr. Miller asked for an etheralization. An attempt was made which Red Face told us was only a half etherealization, and said they would try again. The second time they succeeded, and then, holding back the curtain and filling the entrance way at one corner, stood what looked indeed like a white, vapory, fleecy cloud, such as may sometimes be seen banked together along the horizon on a hot summer day. Frances, the cabinet spirit so often mentioned, came out with the accordion in her hand, and standing about three feet from the cabinet, and just in front of the sitters, played for several minutes, moving the instrument around, now at arm's length before her, and then over the top of her head, part of the time her arms looking so vapory and attenuated that they seemed more like etherealization than materialization. Having carried the accordion back into the cabinet she came out again, and her white robe had perceptibly grown, and was now trailing on the floor behind her. Back and forth she walked between the sitters, several of them now standing however, near the cabinet, the train visibly lengthening as we watched it, and trailing and rustling on the floor until it extended about two and a half feet behind her.

When she had retired into the cabinet again, Red Face called upon Mr. Marchant to come and untie the medium, and then bade us good night. Upon going to the medium, we found that she had been turned around with her back to the sitters. Mr. Marchant said the knot was the same which he had seen tied by Mr. Meacham. There was, he stated, no perceptible pulse at the wrist, the hands and arms were perfectly rigid, the fingers tightly clenched, the medium entirely unconscious, and looking and seeming more like a corpse than a living mortal. The hands and arms were gently chafed, water was then brought, and ten or fifteen minutes elapsed before she became conscious, and even then she seemed utterly prostrated, unable to lift her head, and hardly able to speak audibly. We were assured by her husband, however, that after about a half hour she would probably feel better than she had done all day before.

Upon looking at the time, we found it nearing eleven o'clock, and then we dispersed and started homeward, my neighbor remarking, as we got out into the night air, "Well, we have got down to earth again."

San Bernardino, Cal.

Written for The Better Way.

The Dying Bird.

BY STUDENT OF NATURE.

While passing underneath a tree,
A dying bird I chanced to see,
Sorely wounded there it lay,
Having fallen in my way.
Its cry of pain I faintly heard;
With pity for the little bird,
I gently took it in my hand;
And it seemed to understand
The safety that my mind expressed
As it lay with panting breast.
My feelings were so sorely tried
That for the bird I could have cried.
I dared not leave it on the ground,
For fear by cats it might be found;
I felt its pulsing come and go,
As its life was ebbing slow;
The answer to my wish was brief,
For nature came to bring relief;
I buried it beneath the sod,
Among the roots of golden rod.

Cincinnati, July 8, '89.

Old Portraits.

A curious expedition of portraits more than two thousand years old, has just been opened in Paris. These are paintings which once ornamented Egyptian burial places, and which have been admirably preserved by the dry sand. They date from the Greek epoch in Egypt. There are more than one hundred of these portraits, which give an accurate idea of all the types, the cos-

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The form was one of almost dazzling whiteness from head to foot, face and all, with a thick nun-like veil covering the hair, so that with the subdued light in the room and the shortness of the time I had for examining, I could not define her features, but so far as I could see, the general contour of the face was similar to that of my sister as I remember her.

I cannot pretend to give the number of spirits that came out during the evening, nor the order in which they came, nor to whom they came; but will more particularly describe my own experiences. Suffice it to say, however, that spirits came to every one in the circle, unless it was Mr. Miller; I do not remember seeing any one come to him, and to some of them many times. The second form that came to me was a male spirit in dark clothes. He came to me with his hands extended. I took them, and he led me rapidly back and forth in front of the cabinet, and nearly all the time he was rubbing my hands over a long, flowing, rather pointed beard as black as night and as soft as silk, though with rather a flaxy-like texture, each separate whisker, if I may so speak of it, seeming rather broad and flat, instead of round and wiry. I once examined what purported to be a small bunch of materialized hair cut by little Lizzie Plimly of Oakland, several nights before, from her little Indian girl control; and the hair that I felt during the evening (which I did several times) felt just as that hair did, and, so far as I could see, looked just as it did, except that this beard that I am describing felt more soft and silky as the hands were rubbed over it.

The neighbor who went with us had a male spirit come to her twice during the evening, and she describes his beard as being large and bushy, covering his face, and that he had a heavy mustache, which was not the case with the one I am speaking of. I could see plainly enough to discern a very dark-complexioned man with, as I thought, an Oriental appearance, but that was all. He soon retreated into the cabinet, and other spirits began to come. What purported to be Mr. Marchant's first wife came to him and whispered a communication to him which was in keeping with a spirit communication that he has been receiving for some time through different mediums and by different methods. Then she came to me. At first I supposed it was Miranda again, although perceiving that it was a taller form, and so I said, "Miranda?" She was whispering all the time, but as yet I had not caught a word. For answer, she placed my hand on a ring on the third finger of her left hand, which I felt very plainly, and which was sufficient answer to my question that it was not Miranda, since I knew she had no ring. This spirit patted me on the head, I heard the word "Ella," and distinguished enough to understand that she wanted to talk to me but could not get sufficient power to do so.

She was whispering in my ear thus one moment, and the next she went down spat! upon the matting of the floor, seeming to have struck with the hands, and was gone almost ere I could look down—quite so, in fact, for, on looking down, I could see nothing whatever of the form that had just been walking and whispering by my side. She came to me several times during the evening, always whispering, and I believe in each case remaining thus whispering by me until she dematerialized spat! on the floor at my feet. Once she succeeded in speaking plainly enough to give me a short communication, and it was similar to the one she had whispered to Mr. Marchant. My sister also came to me again for a moment, and said in a whisper, "I cannot get power to talk."

Perhaps about midway during the seance I was told from the cabinet that they wished me to measure the spirits, and asking me if I had a pencil. I took one from my pocket and sat with it in my hand, when the same male spirit who came to me before (at least to all seeming the same) came to me, led me to the cabinet, took the pencil out of my hand and placed it in the hand of Mrs. Meacham, who sat nearest; then drawing me close to him, he held up his face, turning it from side to side, and for a moment or so I saw quite plainly a dark, strong-looking face, with a slight ruddy tinge on the cheek bone, and black hair and beard. Then he drew me into the cabinet. As soon as we were inside the curtain he spoke in an audible voice, low and soft, but unmistakably a male voice, and perfectly natural and human like in its inflections, "We want to magnetize you and give you a little more strength. Fold your hands," and taking hold of me apparently with both hands, he turned me around toward the front of the cabinet, and then it seemed as though there must have been at least a half dozen hands (if not that many pairs of hands) on me at once, patting me on different portions of the body, but principally on the back, and so forcibly, too, that instead of folding my hands, I grasped the corner post of the cabinet to brace myself so that I could maintain my balance. At the same time there was, at intervals, a loud clapping as of hands just over my head, and also what seemed like a little child pulling at my dress. (I had previously been told that I had a little pappoose in the cabinet that wanted very much to get to me; and I have frequently been told by different mediums in different parts of the state of a child which I lost prematurely several years ago, also that my sister had the child in her care.)

After I had been "magnetized" a female voice spoke, and what seemed to be a female spirit took hold of my hands and placed them on the bandaged, rigid hands of the medium, and over her face, as she lay back in her chair, saying in the meantime, "See the medium." Then she took me out of the cabinet from the same corner by which I had entered, crossed with me in front of the cabinet in plain sight of the company, and lifting the corner of the blanket near where the medium sat, again placed my hands upon the medium. This was afterwards repeated with three other members of the circle.

After I had taken my seat I was told to take my pencil and go and stand by the wall, ready to measure the spirits. I took my station where directed, about six or more feet from the cabinet, and the spirits came out, one at a time, and stood against the wall until I had made a pencil stroke just above their heads, when they would dart back to the cabinet, making a queer, peculiar pattering on the floor as they went. The heights varied in each instance, the tallest being the male spirit, which, by actual measurement, afterwards proved to be five feet, seven inches. The next in height was the female cabinet spirit, called Frances; and the shortest, a little girl, four feet, four inches. In nearly every case I placed my hand on top of the head in seeking to make the measurement, and felt the hair, and it was all of that peculiar flax like texture.

At one time Red Face exclaimed, as though to one in the cabinet, "Don't rush out before you are ready; you're in too much of a hurry," or words to that effect. When the shortest and last spirit came out, in my haste to put my hand on top of her head quickly, it seemed as though I struck my finger into an empty socket where the eye should have been, making me shudder. Some one called the name "May," supposing the spirit to be the same as one by that name who had appeared and announced her presence during the evening. I said, "Is it May?" almost at the same moment that I had seemingly struck the empty socket, and in response she threw a sounding kiss. This was the seventh form, and when she had returned to the cabinet it was announced by Red Face that the power was exhausted, and no more spirits could come out to be measured.

These measurements were all examined afterwards, and it was found that no two were of the same height. Mr. Miller told me that this was the first time that the spirits, through this medium, had requested to be measured in this state. Once, he said, in the house of Rev. Samuel Watson, in Tennessee. Mr. Watson had been requested to measure spirits, on which occasion nine came out to be measured; and Mr. Miller said that Mr. Watson tells of it in one of his books.

In the early part of the circle I had on my shoulders a long red scarf, which I had doubled together, thus shortening it one half. Upon going into the cabinet I had cast it off without knowing it. As I now took my seat, after measuring the spirits, the tall female cabinet spirit came to me with it extended at full length over her arms, and I arose and took it from her, saying, "Thank you."

At intervals, during the evening, a little white figure would appear at the lower right hand corner of the cabinet, and this, too, while another spirit would be outside. This little figure was supposed to represent the little pappoose which Red Face said belonged to me, and wanted so much to come to me. I asked if they could not bring it out. They promised to try. Not long after the measuring scene I was told to go and sit down nearer to the cabinet, and soon the tall female spirit, Frances, came out. This spirit could be distinguished by her height, and also from the fact that her clothing seemed to fit more nearly to the form than did that of the other spirits, and was bunched and draped in the back a good deal like the prevailing mode of female dress; and also because of her long hanging hair. I saw that she held a small white bundle in her arms, seemingly done up in a light fleecy white shawl. I reached out my hands, saying, "Is that the baby? Am I to take it?" In response came the whisper, "Walk up and down with me." It seemed, somehow, as though constant motion was necessary to nearly all the forms that came out. I did as requested, and after a few turns came another whisper, "It is dematerializing," and back into the cabinet she slipped. From the inside then came the information from Red Face that they would get a little more strength, and then try it again, and I was directed to change places with Mrs. Meacham, who is a much larger and stronger woman than I am, so as to give them more forces.

In a few minutes she came out again, and this time the child, or something in the form of a child, was plainly discernible in her arms, clad in long, white infant robes, and with a small, flesh-colored head. Several crowded around her to see it; Lily, Mrs. Miller's daughter, asked permission to kiss it, and she claimed that she did kiss it right on the mouth; and others took hold of the long robe. As I watched it the head seemed to be growing smaller. My neighbor, who went with us to the seance, in addition to taking hold of the robe, placed her hand on the head, which, as she afterwards stated, seemed no larger to the touch than a hand. The spirit slipped back into the cabinet again, and then we were told that the child was dematerializing all the time they were out. Said Red Face, "When that squaw put her hand on its head it was half dematerialized."

A spirit came out, led me to the cabinet, and began walking back and forth. Then taking Mrs. Meacham by one hand, and me by the other, led us both back and forth several times. All at once she went down at the feet of both. The next moment Mrs. Meacham exclaimed, "Why, how is this? I had hold of her hand, and now I have yours!" Sure enough, the hand by which she had been holding the spirit and the hand by which I had been doing the same, were fast locked together. They had been almost an arm's length apart just before the spirit went down. How were they so suddenly brought together without either of us being aware of it at the moment that it was done?

Mr. Miller asked for an etheralization. An attempt was made which Red Face told us was only a half etherealization, and said they would try again. The second time they succeeded, and then, holding back the curtain and filling the entrance way at one corner, stood what looked indeed like a white, vapory, fleecy cloud, such as may sometimes be seen banked together along the horizon on a hot summer day. Frances, the cabinet spirit so often mentioned, came out with the accordion in her hand, and standing about three feet from the cabinet, and just in front of the sitters, played for several minutes, moving the instrument around, now at arm's length before her, and then over the top of her head, part of the time her arms looking so vapory and attenuated that they seemed more like etherealization than materialization. Having carried the accordion back into the cabinet she came out again, and her white robe had perceptibly grown, and was now trailing on the floor behind her. Back and forth she walked between the sitters, several of them now standing however, near the cabinet, the train visibly lengthening as we watched it, and trailing and rustling on the floor until it extended about two and a half feet behind her.

When she had retired into the cabinet again, Red Face called upon Mr. Marchant to come and untie the medium, and then bade us good night. Upon going to the medium we found that she had been turned around with her back to the sitters. Mr. Marchant said the knot was the same which he had seen tied by Mr. Meacham. There was, he stated, no perceptible pulse at the wrist, the hands and arms were perfectly rigid, the fingers tightly clenched, the medium entirely unconscious, and looking and seeming more like a corpse than a living mortal. The hands and arms were gently chafed, water was then brought, and ten or fifteen minutes elapsed before she became conscious, and even then she seemed utterly prostrated, unable to lift her head, and hardly able to speak audibly. We were assured by her husband, however, that after about a half hour she would probably feel better than she had done all day before.

Upon looking at the time, we found it nearing eleven o'clock, and then we dispersed and started homeward, my neighbor remarking, as we got out into the night air, "Well, we have got down to earth again."

San Bernardino, Cal.

Written for The Better Way.

The Dying Bird.

BY STUDENT OF NATURE.

While passing underneath a tree,
A dying bird I chanced to see,
Sorely wounded there it lay,
Having fallen in my way.
Its cry of pain I faintly heard;
With pity for the little bird,
I gently took it in my hand;
And it seemed to understand
The safety that my mind expressed
As it lay with panting breast.
My feelings were so sorely tried
That for the bird I could have cried,
I dared not leave it on the ground,
For fear by cats it might be found;
I felt its pulsing come and go,
As its life was ebbing slow;
The answer to my wish was brief,
For nature came to bring relief;
I buried it beneath the sod,
Among the roots of golden rod.

Cincinnati, July 8, '89.

Old Portraits.

A curious expedition of portraits more than two thousand years old, has just been opened in Paris. These are paintings which once ornamented Egyptian burial places, and which have been admirably preserved by the dry sand. They date from the Greek epoch in Egypt. There are more than one hundred of these portraits, which give an accurate idea of all the types, the cos-

Written for The Better Way.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF SPIRITUALISM?"

The mission of Spiritualism is to educate and unfold the spiritual nature of man, and to point out how happiness here and hereafter may be secured. Every mortal desires happiness; not the fictitious resemblances you hug to your bosoms and find so empty and unsatisfying when obtained, but the happiness that flows from the divine source; that irradiates your lives and brings you into harmony with the spiritual world. Man is essentially a selfish being. In the arena of life he buckles on the armor of aggressiveness resolved to do battle with the hosts of obstacles that contest every foot of the way to self-aggrandizement. He has some far off goal which he daily strives to reach, which will ultimately bring him the happiness he craves. Other battles are being fought around him on the great struggling fields of humanity; battles of the weak against the strong; repression against tyranny; right against wrong, and all the hideous, hydra headed evils that blight the sod trodden by the foot of man—but he turns not back. Toiling brains, sleepless nights, the agony of suspense, the fever of expectation—these are the sacrificial offerings with which he wooes the Moloch of ambition—the unappeased god that holds the reins of man's inordinate desires.

That object reached and the race ended, what does he find? A thousand ramifications leading out to other pursuits with their attendant anxieties—like the cancer's roots that plant their poisoned fangs in unsuspected directions—while the mirage of happiness that painted its seductive pictures upon the imagination fades and vanishes into the cold reality of barren results. Success in worldly affairs may be achieved but gnawing at the heart of it is ever restless anxiety. It is well to labor to attain worldly happiness provided spiritual improvement and spiritual growth come of it. There is no true happiness in this life except that which makes the soul feel better for having enjoyed it. A happiness that is noble and unselfish in its aims and satisfying in its tendency, is participated in by good spirits, who enjoy seeing man happy. But all human possessions are held by an uncertain tenure, and "riches take wings and fly away." Fluctuations in trade, speculations, fire and flood may in a single day overthrow the labor and vigilance of a life-time. What then? Can man take up the burden of poverty and with whitened hairs equip himself for another race with fickle fortune? Has he the heart, the strength to do it? Rarely.

The sceptic sneers when you tell him that often failure and loss are plowshares of the angels; yet it is true. When engrossed with sordid, material cares the spiritual nature is so imbedded in the underlying strata of gross sensualism that only the plowshare of affliction can remove the obstruction; but the plowmen turn the arid soil with gentle hands, water it with the dew of pity, and drop their tiny seed with a touch light as thistle down.

For to the wise intelligences of the spirit world all the pomp and panoply of power, all the vanity of worldly wealth, pride and selfishness, are the dross and mold that tarnish the pure gold. Then the heavenly missionaries take up the broken lives and world-worn spirits and bear them up to purer heights above the shock of worldly misadventure. With shining hands they beckon them to healing fountains and health-breathing fields, where the whispers of hope fall upon the strained ear, and the calm of ineffable peace enfolds the bruised and weary spirit.

The mission of Spiritualism is to comfort, uplift and strengthen the faint and weak-hearted. It strips the glamour from tinselled pleasures and gives you the pure gold of opportunity. It chastens, refines and purifies, and gives you compensation for sorrow and loss. It rewards honest endeavor that has seemed failure in earth life, and for oppression, usury, and spoliation exacts atonement by remorse and repentance through retributive justice. It sends helpful guides to the weak and defenseless and impresses the spiritual nature with pure and holy desires, giving strength to overcome temptation, and warning sensitive souls of danger.

The mission of Spiritualism is to educate the spiritual faculties and unfold their possibilities. Material life is gravitating, spiritual life is levitating, and all may reach the celestial heights of truth and wisdom. But like a delicate transparent vase must be the mortal shell that enshrines the pure light of spirit, that its white flame may penetrate the outward darkness of materialism, and repel all contact with the gross and sensual. That is not Spiritualism which does not refine and purify; for it is a baptism of the overflowing and divine spiritual essence that pervades, illuminates and fills the harmonial spheres—a re-birth into a higher existence and upon a plane of spiritual intelligence.

Many ask the question, "What do you mean by conditions? If spirits can come to you, why can they not come to me?" By "conditions" is meant a mental state of quiet passivity, when you release yourself from all worldly thoughts and distractions, and put yourself in perfect *rapport* with the spirit friend you wish to commune with. Their condition in the spirit world is one of peace and absolute harmony with the relations and laws governing them, and your pure thoughts and desires flow out to them in waves that reach them in harmonious order. If you sit in a circle with persons irreverent and unspiritual and disturb the mental atmosphere by levity, ridicule, impertinent questions and morbid curiosity, then you make conditions for total and absolute failure. Spirits are not fortune tellers as many seem to suppose—though there are fortune tellers who call themselves mediums—neither are they harlequins and buffoons hired to divert the public.

They are men and women like yourselves though disembodied; and should receive the same respect and polite attention with which you greeted them in earth life. The least you can do is to furnish conditions for communication that will show a decent respect for the superior intelligences who come into your presence. Soul character is formed in earth life, and you can secure the benefit of the wisdom of good and intellectual spirits by putting yourselves in harmony with them.

Finally; the mission of Spiritualism is to disseminate truth. Receive only that as truth which can be comprehended by the reason, and which has an application to the inner consciousness of the soul; for that which is above or beyond reason cannot be inwardly digested, and that which does not appeal to the consciousness of the soul can do the soul no good. It is ours to teach those truths, it is yours to accept or reject them, but in their acceptance lies all that you can ever know of happiness here and hereafter.

THE GUIDES.

Golden Hours Circle, St. Louis.

Written for The Better Way.

I'M COMIN' HOME SOBER TO-NIGHT.

BY HARRY HOLLAND.

A drunkard's home! The early morn!
One heart fills with delight,
As husband fondly says to wife,
"I'm comin' home sober to-night.

"Mary, with all my seemin' faults
I am not lost—not quite—
For I've resolved to meet your love;—
I'm comiug home sober to-night.

"Just keep your head up! don't look down
With such a seemin' fright;
I'll make you happy some day, sure;—
I'm comin' home sober to-night.

"I've been a bad one, that's too true,
And scoffed at in that plight,
But I've got through—I'm satisfied—
I'm comin' home sober to-night.

"You never laugh, nor scold at all
When, fool-like, I've been tight;
So I'll reward you, do you hear?—
I'm comin' home sober to-night.

"There's something tells me that a change,
A new desire, a better light
Has centered in my very soul;—
I'm comin' home sober to-night.

"I've tried for years to blot with rum
Old scenes from out my sight;—
'Twas far from being brave, sure; but
I'm comin' home sober to-night."

What hopes crept in the true wife's heart,
'Twere a sacrilege to write.
He left her, then, for daily toil—
To come home sober that night.

A winter's morn. The drifted snow,
Which lay so clean and white,
It seemed to voice the sentiment,—
"I'm comin' home sober to-night."

With step unsteady, trembling frame,
And weary heart, contrite,
He shambled on, still muttering,—
"I'm comin' home sober to night."

A flash!—a roar!—the express!—stand back!—
Too late.—(An awful sight.)
A crash!—He's dead.—He's kept his word—
He goeth home sober to-night.

A cold, stark form, a pulseless hand,
A face so cold and white,
Was gently laid upon a bier
And carried home sober that night.

BOSTON, 1889.

Written for The Better Way.

The Flower in the Wheat.

When a boy and passing along a lane leading to an outer field, I remember seeing father wade into the waving grain some distance to pluck out a beautiful flower—cockle I think it was called—all the more pretty from its graceful, swaying body and bright colors among the golden grain; but he broke down more wheat than the flower could hurt by casting its seed among the grain, unless there was much of it, which has a tendency to darken the flower.

Likened unto it do we not trample down much golden grain that would enrich our minds and strengthen our bodies by rushing over and pushing one another aside in our rush for money. It is good in its proper channel of uses, but if hoarded beyond the actual wants of the holder, it becomes as a still pool: useless for the want of circulation.

Falsehood, deceit, deception, creation of useless offices; monopolies and bribes are diseases of social life caused by it. Family troubles, lawsuits and divorces are mostly born of the desire for money. Where is real happiness made by it except in harmony of just distribution between capital and labor? careful help of the poor and sick, divided for pleasant pursuits, and generously kept in circulation. We cannot take it with us, so we leave our labor at last with nothing but the cold thoughts of the world of "What has he done for humanity?" When we can use it no longer we may awaken to the real facts floating on the mind as we recorded ourselves; which as you know is like hearing a friend utter what you blindly for a time supposed was hid from view in your own mind.

Now, if we awaken, instead, the sunshine of thought in the people by dropping a dollar here and a kind word there in the field of labor and want, we will carry with us that which dwells forever in peace and happiness with us wherever we go.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Cincinnati, July, 1889.

THE FUTURE OF MORTAL MAN.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Sir:—In connection with the enclosed writing, which by advice I have mailed to you, I would like to give you for publication or not as you deem best, some further ideas of Abornea's purpose. His intention is to form a society which shall, by the influence of education, tend to elevate human thought to a higher plane of duty regarding the rights of the unborn, who are, as we are well aware, in many cases brought to earth under influences which must be degrading, and he I think rightly claims there can be no higher or more sacred religious duty than teaching all that is known which will serve to elevate the coming man. Let me quote:

"We who to some extent comprehend, know that such laws do exist, and we claim that however little of faith we may have in the word of others of no greater knowledge than ourselves, yet we claim it to be our duty to implicitly obey those laws as we understand them, and which are enacted for our good, by a power far higher than that of earth." And again: "Man should realize that the law of God, as far as he understands its working, is the will of God, and further that it is his divine voice speaking to the reasoning, comprehending power of man."

This seems true enough, and if true, how many of us are guilty of the sin of indifference to his voice speaking?

Again: "Marriage, which must result in parentage permitted and encouraged in entire ignorance of the sacred duties which such a bond entails, is in no sense man's duty to his creator." Again: "When we compare man's present knowledge of the effect of the divine force of heredity and man's work in control to its higher uses for the good of men under that knowledge, we have much to fear in regard to a harmonious and rapid elevation of the race."

"Haphazard, uneducated marriage is not obedience to God's voice speaking to the mature human life." "Organized action is needed. Will the mature men and women help us?" "The most important factor in a higher thought of marriage and of parentage must lie in the rising generations' knowledge of the laws of life. No man or woman should marry without knowledge, not alone of parental duty, but also of each other's ancestral traits as bearing upon future life."

"Though we of the spirit world desire to act as guides and leaders in this ceived and a necessity for some such action acknowledged. For such aid as may in the beginning be sorely needed I appeal freely to Spiritualists, because first, of Abornea's advice, second, because of their custom of thought in advance of the age, and third, because of the fact that they will, as I do now, accept it as from a higher source than my own power of brain work. Leaving the matter in the hands of those interested, and again pledging my word that if supported I will do all I can to carry out the design, I am yours truly,

GEORGE F PERCIVAL.

BEAUTIFUL TRAVELING.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Feeling grateful to the God of nature for a bounteous gift of grandeur in mountains, valleys, lakes and rivers, as witnessed by us lately, it is as a tribute to this grand earthly world that I write. We are apt to look ahead for truth, for good, for beauty, for wealth or comfort when it is all around us. Mankind has been apt to dwell in contemplation of heavenly beauty in the spheres beyond the earth, and not catching the joys here. But with such a beautiful earth, it is a natural belief or positive intention that leads us to look forward to the inhabitation of a spirit world much grander than this, for we have learned that evolution develops forward to higher forms of expression in beauty and utility. Thus it is a positive aposteriori that the spirit world is one of great beauty, when we reason from the apriori of the magnificence of the earth we inhabit.

Traveling over the wide domain of this earthly sphere widens thought and broadens our understanding. Traveling in the fields of man's researches develops the possibilities of mind to a greater capacity than his predecessors. Traveling in thought and spirit unfolds the man to that higher conception of the ideal and the spiritual, which tells him that the real beauty of life lies beyond his earthly senses, and that his present perceptions of the material only view the reflection of or possibly the undeveloped materiality. All these avenues or highways open to human view afford beautiful traveling. Too many are circumscribed by limited environments—too many without opportunity—too many who look away instead of looking about where they may happen to be. Too many, even amongst the grandest of scenery and of truth, shut themselves indoors or are employed in coarser contemplations. We see this typified in the houses of people, in railroad cars and steamboat cabins.

To see the beautiful and gain the good of earth man must needs make some effort. Blessings come not always, or seldom unasked or unsought. All this is suggested by the munificence of nature witnessed by Mrs. Kates and self lately, in the river St. Lawrence, from Mount Royal in Montreal, along Lake Champlain, Lake George, in Saratoga, on Mount McGregor, down the Hudson river, through Long Island Sound, and now at Onset, where beautiful waters lave its shores, and beautiful verdure, green islands and balmy breezes make the heart glad and pulses leap to the thrill of joy that God or nature has truly blessed us with a fair abiding place whilst in the flesh, and will not neglect to provide yet more lovingly in the spirit if we but cultivate our perceptions and give of our labors for their unfoldment. Fraternally,

G W. KATES

Onset, Mass., July 19, 1889.

Written for The Better Way.

THE DEVOTIONAL ELEMENT IN SPIRITUALISM.

When Modern Spiritualism was ushered in it found but few outside of materialists who would receive it, for the reason that it obviously affected the interests of the clergy and their supporters by invading a domain which they had hitherto exclusively held. As a result, its advocates were largely iconoclastic in spirit and method, and remained so, if for no other reason than from habit alone. It was noticeable that even those who came from the church generally turned a complete somersault and attacked the institutions and ideas they had rejected with great bitterness. This fact has had a marked bearing on the movement since, and only in its later history do we see any reaction. In consequence of its accessions from all beliefs, and especially of the large number with religious tendencies, it becomes needful that all lovers of the truth should cast aside predjudice, look squarely at the situation, and pursue a right and just course of action.

The time long was in our early history, when ten chances to one, if we invited a friend to hear a lecture on the subject that the entire effort would be simply a tirade of abuse, of the churches and orthodox teachings, with perhaps not a word, except in allusion or in offensive contrast, of the subject on which explanation was sought by our friend's attendance; the only result being that the bars to his progress were put up irrecoverably. While Spiritualists were made a target for the world at large, secular and religious, when too much could not be said against them, when on account of this persecuting blight of public opinion to be a Spiritualist the woes and sorrows of life far overbalanced its joys, it was then quite natural that the work of secularism should take the place of the study of the occult in connection with the discovery of a spirit world and of intercommunication therewith: but, now, when the intelligent and enterprising in the church and out, whether avowedly so or not, are believers in our central facts, it would be well for that large body of pioneers in this movement to get out of the groove of antagonism which has become a habit, and viewing the subject dispassionately in all its bearings, decide for themselves, if man has a religious nature as well as a reasoning one, and to what extent it is required to round out and perfect Spiritualism. It is not reasonable to suppose that systems that are hoary-headed, whether represented by Mahomet, Buddha or Christ are void of truths whose proven values we should reject, for we find these innately and universally recognized.

In one of the first issues of this paper, the present writer urged a new departure, viz: to abstain from the consideration of orthodoxy and to employ ourselves on the laws and conditions pertaining to the so called occult, teaching the aggregated truths brought us by those whose experience in "The Beyond" made the truth most complete.

Many in view of the false teachings of the past look askance at all manifestations of the devotional in Spiritualism, and well they may when these are prostituted to soul-less form and ceremony on the one hand and to degrading, ignorant superstition on the other. Yet there are facts which bear on this subject we would do well to consider.

All will agree there is no one so debased but there is some aspiration for the good, the beautiful and the true, and this aspiration is in reality the sum total of what is called prayer. With our philosophy we have nothing on which to build if we have not the phenomenal facts. To aid the unseen operator on the spirit side of life in the production of these, we invariably find that with the same state of passivity incident to the religious devotee there is required the aspiring or prayerful condition. With a united feeling of this kind and with antagonism, suspicion, envy, jealousy and selfishness shut out, the phenomenal demonstration of the life immortal acquires a tremendous power, and we become so lifted into the spiritual that we realize that we are indeed treading on holy ground and it is "good" to be there.

In no phase of manifestation is this more marked than in the musical. The increased power of the spirit musicians is readily recognized as a result of earnest and devoted congregational singing by circle, or earth side battery, convened.

By the way, in view of this fact, would it not be a great gain to public work if the exhibitions of trained, and so often untrained, performers in music with instruments, were replaced instead by a trained chorister with the congregational singing of familiar hymns—not those evolved from the errors of the past, but soul-stirring spiritual ideas in verse, fitted to the same immortal airs that have been made so by their own intrinsic excellence, with only such new ones as can prove as good and enduring qualities? In place of the usual feeble vocal support of the monotonous and overpowering noise of the organ, would we not do better to voice with elocutionary effect in melting or inspiring melody, clearly spoken and united sentiment whose utterance would send one thrill of spirituality and devotion through the entire assembled multitude by transforming the spectator into a delighted participant in the exercises, and thus, while we seek all of good in the new, could we not make our public meetings attractive with the novelty of the old time musical regime revived, and all based on a solid foundation of spiritual law?

We have found there is no power so efficient to assist phenomenal manifestation like singing with pathos or joy in unison. So that while this devotional element is of such obvious use, we cannot but deprecate every effort to replace it with either the stiffness of a habitual formality or the chill of a cold intellectualism.

Invocations are effective for good in proportion as they are removed from idolatry and formalism and made the spontaneous utterance or outburst of true devotional feeling.

But the highest use of the devotional in Spiritualism, is that habitual exercise of the sentiment of love for our fellows, and aspiration for the true and beautiful in the every day relations of life, wherein the face of the devotee is lighted with inspiration and the happiness which only an experimental knowledge of the spiritual brings. Thus the feelings are ever tender with love for those gone before, manifesting themselves in a broader action of kindness and charity, and a sentiment which is always a basis for generous deeds and the exercise of justice. The foundation of Spiritualism being in human affections, its mission is largely one of beneficence.

H W. BOOZER.

Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A REMARKABLE PREDICTION.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On the 10th of May, 1861, myself and two gentlemen, relatives, called upon George A. Redman at his home in New York city, and found him in feeble health; in fact he died in June, the next month. After passing the social amenities of conversation respecting his state of health, etc., I asked if it would be detrimental to his condition to set at the table for spiritual communications and he said he thought it would not.

We accordingly took seats, and immediately loud raps came upon the table in quick succession; and at the same time, Redman was moved to speak, which was an unusual phase with him, and said, "With whom am I talking?" I introduced the parties, and immediately, Redman, manifestly under some powerful influence, reached across the table and grasped with the strong grip of a master mason, giving one other of my friends the same, but with the other friend, he shook hands in the usual way. Neither this last friend nor Redman belonged to the order.

I was confident that some powerful and efficient influence was controlling him by the peculiarity of his voice; it being very strong, when before it was feeble and weak. I was sure he was not conscious of his acts. After the introduction and salutations, I remarked that we should like to know with whom we were talking.

Immediately Redman, grasped a pencil and wrote, from right to left bottom side up, "George Washington." We asked, General, do you know what is transpiring in the council chamber at Washington. The Cabinet was then in secret session, and it was after President Lincoln had called the 75,000 men. The answer was, "Yes." "When will the Union army move upon the South?" "On the 24th inst." "Do you think that it will be much of a war, General?" "Yes; a most cruel and bloody war; blood will run freely." "Do you think that it will be of long continuance?" "Four years, and after peace is declared, there will be great trouble in reconstructing the states." The pencil dropped from Redman's hand, and he spoke in his former feeble voice and inquired what had been done. This was entirely different from what we thought would be the result of the outbreak—there might be some little skirmishing or so, when the differences between the states would be compromised and settled upon some other basis than war. So it could not have been a psychological influence upon Redman from us to give such answers. Hence, I concluded that they were dictated by a mind that knew whereof he spoke. The tragedy to be played was plainly reflected upon the vision of the controlling spirit as every point of the prediction was remarkably verified.

The Union army moved upon Alexandria the 24th of May. It was a cruel bloody war and continued four years, and in the reconstruction of the states, we all have been aware of the trouble that has arisen.

This prediction is equally as suggestive, as true, leading us to believe that Washington, Jefferson, the Adamses, Franklin, and a host of patriots, who have died since, have exercised a deep interest and wielded a decisive influence in the final results of the conflict, and that they with others still hold an abiding interest in the welfare and uplifting of the people of this country.

L. D. NICKERSON.

Appleton, Wis.

It does no good to denounce fraudulent mediums; or rather, persons who practice deception in spirit manifestations. It only advertises them, and attracts persons to them who are ready to believe anything that bears the label of spirit manifestation. Therefore, it is better to say nothing. The experience of being deceived, and robbed, and of having the holiest feelings of their natures outraged by some unconscionable cheat seems to be a necessity with some people. They have to go through it to learn wisdom—just as one has to go through the whooping cough and the measles, to render him proof against any more attacks of that sort. Happy is the Spiritualist who has experienced a substantial attack "of fraud," without having his spirit soured, or his system left in a condition of chronic rash or sore head.—Golden Gate.

THE MORAL AND INTELLEC PROGRESS OF MAN.

The above is the title of one of the most instructive works of art we h ever seen. It is nothing more than a lithograph, 30x40 inches squar and a key to it of fifty ordinary b pages.

As a work of art the picture is worthy to hang in any parlor. As an ideal conception we have never seen its equal anywhere. This picture is a preacher, or rather an illustrated lecture, taking this earth from the period up to the development of and then taking man from his savage state to the highest imaginable period—even carrying him beyond world into the third heaven.

In the lower part of the center of picture is an arch composing a kind firmament. Under this firmament which used to be heaven—the Christ heaven, is the earth covered "thick darkness," or dark clouds. H is illustrated the condition of the earth before it contained either animal vegetable life. A light, however strea through the darkness; a banner is under this arch bearing the impress words, "Glory to God, Life, Immortality and Progression."

On the right and left and over arch are illustrated the seven stages of man's development, from the lowest stages of barbarism to the highest type of civilization—and in fact to the highest stages of development we can imagine in the spirit world.

In the view representing the barbaric state is seen the naked man and woman. One man is presenting an opossum to his wife; another is engaged in a hand to hand fight with a soko. There is seen a family of hyenas with human bones scattered around them, signifying that they were rulers, the masters of the situation.

A man, woman and children seen, seated on the ground, gnawing the meat off the bones of some animal. A dead body is also seen lying on the ground, with the departed spirit standing by it in astonishment, having gotten up from himself and himself lying on the ground.

On the second plane is illustrated some of the first steps in human progress; man is advanced to when fights the African soko with a spear. Here superstition begins; man begins to worship fire, serpents, stones. Here men and women begin to make and wear clothing.

On the third plane is further advancement. Phenomena in nature develops Gods, devils, etc. Another kind of religious superstition comes to the front. Here is a view of John Calvin burning Michael Servetus at the stake. This is the era where witches were supposed to have ridden through the air on goats and broomsticks; all of which is here represented. Here is a view of Pope Urban burning the books on astronomy; here is Galileo and his telescope. Lactantius is here on his knees while his sword rests on the Bible. Here, too, the crusader does his terrible work of devastation.

We next step upon the fourth plane, where reason comes to the front. Here are views of Galileo, William Penn, Franklin, Paine, Voltaire, Volney and other thinkers, all engaged in their appropriate work.

On the fifth plane are Theodore Parker, Herbert Spencer, Humboldt, Darwin, Morse and others, with their implements of work. This is the plane of science.

The sixth plane is that of seers; there are the Davises, the Cora Richmond and the Dr. Newtons engaged in their appropriate work under angel manipulation. The seventh plane is that beyond the necessity of going to mediums. A sixth sense has been developed; all are in conscious communion with the world of spirits. People at will leave their bodies and travel through the world.

The spirit world, with its rivers, fields, cities and schools is represented. All in all, this is the most ingenious and instructive picture we ever saw, and is worth five times the price asked for it. It should hang in the parlor of every Spiritualist. It will be admired as a work of art, and will always lead the beholder to asking questions which will lead to an interesting talk on the principles of our beautiful philosophy.

The price of this grand picture, together with the book fully explaining it, is only $3. We will send it carefully put up in tubes for that price.—New Thought.

The above lithograph may also be had on receipt of price ($3) by addressing The Way Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Written for The Better Way.

A Brief Resume.

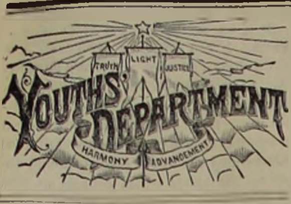
Modern Spiritualism, though now in the earliest infancy of its existence, has become a shining light in the world's darkness. Its progress has been more rapid and phenomenal than that of any religion or religious sect before or since the day of its inception. Launched forth upon the sea of skepticism, the little craft has grown and prospered until its widening sails are kissed by the breezes of every clime.

Forty-one years of continuous communion with the angel world have left their ineffaceable impress upon the human mind. Men are beginning to feed, nourish and develop their spiritual natures, and to cultivate that spiritual refinement that charms and beautifies existence. Death is no longer the fierce, fanged monster of olden time, but a loving angel of peace, come to release the tired soul from its weary bastile of pain. Friends, supposed to be forever gone, are with those who love them, and who they love still. Love to humanity is the highest law on earth, the foundation of all happiness here and hereafter.

Surely a religion or philosophy that embraces all these, that seeks to cultivate and intensify the most sacred and ennobling sentiments of the soul, is destined to become the future religion of the world, and is the present hope of mankind.

H. C. MOREHOUSE.

Marengo, O.



Our Little Men.

The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be
The men whose hands will guide
The future of our land; and we
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this,
"Right always wins the day."

Testing His Whistle.

In the train—"Georgie! Georgie! mind, your hat will be blown off if you lean so far out of the carriage."

Paterfamilias (quickly snatching the hat from the head of the refractory youngster and hiding it behind his back)—"There, now the hat has gone!"

Georgie sets up a howl. After awhile his father remarks: "Come, be quiet; if I whistle your hat will come back again." (Whistles and replaces hat on boy's head). "There, it's back again, you see!"

While the parents are engaged in conversation, Georgie throws his hat out of the window and says: "Pa, whistle again!"

The People of Iceland.

To the average reader, Iceland is as little known as the interior of Africa. Yet Iceland is a famous country, famous for the achievements of its horses, for the poetry and prose it has given to the world, and above all for the education that pervades all classes.

The love of learning is almost a mania in Iceland, and it is the rarest thing in the world to meet a native who can not read and write.

Another admirable trait is the remarkable honesty which prevails in Iceland. Crime is almost unknown; the people never lock their doors, and but two cases of thieving are known to have taken place in many years.

One was an Icelander, who had broken his arm, and whose family in the winter were suffering for food. He stole several sheep and was finally detected. He was at once put under medical care for his injury, provisions were furnished for his family, and in time he was given work. This was his punishment.

The other case was a German who stole seventeen sheep. He was in comfortable circumstances, and the theft was malicious. His punishment was to sell all his property, restore the value of his theft, and leave the country or be executed. He left at once, well knowing the result if he lingered.—Sabbath Visitor.

The Secret Ballot.

Since the discussion of the Australian system of voting began in this country a little over two years ago, the idea has made rapid progress. It has already been adopted by eleven states, Massachusetts taking the lead. Its general adoption will mean the downfall of the "machine" in politics. This fact has twice caused Governor Hill, of New York, to veto the measure in that state. He would have signed any kind of a reform bill only so it seemed to reform without really doing it. To destroy the power of the machine would at the same time destroy the power of the political death warrant. The demand for ballot reform has, however, become universal. The effects of bribery, intimidation and fraud, to which our present system are open, has been to so corrupt politics as to drive away from the polls many of our most intelligent and progressive men.

No man stood a chance of election who could not furnish his share of the boodle with which to buy repeaters and bribe election judges. The new system will make all this iniquity impossible, as it will prevent any person from knowing how another votes. Under such a plan every candidate, whether rich or poor, will stand an equal chance. Campaigns will be contests of intellect, and not of money bags. Every effort should be made to secure its adoption by this state on the first meeting of the legislature.—Commonwealth, Fort Angeles, Washington Territory.

The Ocean's Surface.

We have all been taught to believe that the ocean, after allowing for tide waves and wind waves, has a level surface; that there are no hills or valleys on the waters. M. Bouquet de la Grye has disputed this; has, in fact, demonstrated its fallacy. If we take a U-shaped tube with distilled water of equal temperature on both sides, the two surfaces will be perfectly level; but if one side contains a liquid that is denser than that on the other, more of the lighter liquid is required to balance the heavier, and therefore the lighter will stand at a higher level. If fresh water is on one side and salt water on the other, equilibrium can only be established by the fresh water standing a little higher than the salt. The like must happen if we have a uniform liquid, as regards composition, but of unequaled temperature.

Such variations occur in the ocean. Where rivers are pouring large quantities of fresh water into the sea, and where icebergs are rapidly melting, the salinity is proportionately lower than in other parts. The temperature also varies, and, therefore, an equilibrium can only be attained by variations of level, the lighter water must stand higher than the denser, whether the difference be due to temperature or salinity. Thus, in crossing the warm gulf stream, a ship sails uphill on entering, proceeds thus to somewhere about the middle and then descends. In this respect it resembles a flowing river, which is similarly crested towards the middle of the stream; it is also like a river in being higher at its source than at its embouchure, as its temperature gradually declines in the course of its northward progress.—New York Home Journal.

All in a Half Century.

The unification of Italy.

The annexation of Texas.

The French Revolution of 1848.

The discovery of photography.

The laying of the ocean cables.

The discovery of the telephone.

The emancipation of the Russian serfs.

The discovery of the electric telegraph.

The establishment of ocean steam navigation.

The overthrow of the pope's temporal power.

The extension of the Russian power into Central Asia.

The great Franco-German war and unification of Germany.

The great Civil War and abolition of slavery in the United States.

The rise and fall of Napoleon III, and the establishment of the French Republic.

The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.

The war with Mexico and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold that followed.

Young Casabianca.

On the fatal explosion of the "Orient" at the Battle of the Nile, the conduct and death of Admiral Casabianca's son, a boy whose age did not exceed thirteen, were singularly remarkable. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors; and when the fire happened to be impeded in the heat of the action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquility by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age. He made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre.

He did not know that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the "Orient," and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly for his father to tell him if he could quit his post like the rest without dishonor. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer—but in vain. At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. He refused and ran to the gun room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared that he would quit him. In vain his father entreated and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who felt an attachment for his captain, wished to render him this last service. "I must die, I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor; "I shall have a great difficulty in saving myself; adieu." The flame reaching the powder, the vessel blew up with the young Casabianca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his father. Such is what the old sailor related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, on landing at Alexandria.—Percy Anecdotes.

"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

"I dunno."

"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"The teacher."

SUMMER LETTER FROM A WORKER.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

After much lecturing and consequent travel, the meeting of many people and the sowing of some seed, which, it is hoped, will bear good fruit, I find myself with a few days on my hands in which to gather up my scattered senses, and they are very much scattered, and get ready for the coming fray. The past season has been a particularly trying one even for the Spiritualist, who, of all other laborers is accustomed to unlimited opposition, inasmuch as there has been so many internal disruptions and abrogation of all duties to the cause. The Fox Kanes, while they may not have the power to change the result of investigation, have at the same time placed obstacles in the pathway of many, who, not knowing the truth, hesitate before taking what they would call "a step in the dark;" while lesser individuals have seemed to glory in announcing that their whole life had been one of systematic fraud, and expect the world to applaud when they hold up noble men and women to ridicule, whose sin consisted in "believing them as being honest men and women."

The moment any medium turns apostate, the church gladly takes him up and lifts him into a questionable notoriety. But the fame that is gained at such a price is too dearly bought by far. There ought to be some way to prevent these things from occurring. A man who openly glories in humbuggery is best silenced by being left wholly alone. If Spiritualists, themselves, keep away from every one of these exposes, the halls would soon be empty and the performer drift into more commendable means of getting a livelihood. The public advocate has been compelled to meet this class of opposition, and also to hold up many who are so weak-kneed that whenever the wind blows cry out in great consternation, "What is going to happen?"

For my own part I have never found the interest in the subject greater, although there seems to be more of a desire to "hide the light under a bushel" than one could wish, and by far too much of fighting the workers, and too little of principles. It would indeed be a sad commentory upon our movement to say "that the enemies of Spiritualism were Spiritualists," would it no? The public mediums of course are almost wholly sustained by the inquirers, and are really the vanguard of the cause, whatever their mistakes, and they are admittedly many, to crucify them with scandal and reproach, were not much more merciful than the cross and faggot. As our workers are drawn closer together in unity, and as the common purpose is more fully understood, these things, now so much to be regretted, will pass away.

In Boston, which I have just left, there is very little being done, because the majority of the Spiritualists are either at Onset Bay or Lake Pleasant, where they are fast having a colony by themselves. Onset presents many charms to those who like seaside life, and has been blessed by rich gifts from nature everywhere. The atmosphere breathes of peace—the green leaves waving gently above one's head, the bright, shining waters stretching far away in the distance; all inspire the lover of the beautiful. The great crowds come and go year after year, and attest by common consent to the enjoyment this place affords. Mrs. Beste, Miss Helen Berry, Mrs. J. J. Whitney of California, and many others all are here, while numbers of others equally earnest are coming. Should we not expect a "feast of reason and a flow of soul?" There are not many lectures, but those that are to be delivered will be from the lips of our most earnest advocates.

I am not myself very fond of camp meetings, inasmuch as the great crowds, confusion and indiscriminate company mingling of "all sorts," interferes somewhat with my own mediumistic powers, while I presume these same things may equally assist others who are fortunately less affected by everything. As I have stated, I have but just left Boston, removing my household goods and family to New York, where we shall remain during the winter. I did not think I should so much regret leaving until the hour came, and then I verily believe if it hadn't been settled and sealed, I should have changed my mind, for there are so many dear, earnest friends in Boston whom time can not change, that it is indeed a delightful place for a medium to live in. As a theatrical friend of mine once said: "Your audiences get awfully fond of you," and I think that is pre-eminently true. New York, however, is to be the seat of more important work in the immediate future, so say the "friends," and at any rate here I am with my pictures, books and "endless other traps" that I have picked up from nearly every quarter of the globe, and which go everywhere I do. Indeed, my desk and favorite chairs have become so used to travel, some of which have crossed the ocean twice, that they behave very well. Once in while an arm or leg is so badly broken that the latest device of Christian science cannot mend it, and then it has to go to the joiners for repairs; yet to me they all have a little story which makes them valuable. Already they begin to have an inquiring air that says, "what next?" but there is no "next" for some time to come.

Do you know that I think that things become realities after a time, enshrined as they are by many sweet and tender recollections. The old armchair, in which a dear form has rested for many a day, could not be bought. The crib in which the first born slept until it woke to the other life. The faded flower sent by a dear, dead friend, who shall say that these have not a magnetic attraction still that may call back from that celestial life those whom we tearfully call "dead." So I keep my treasures, shoulder the sneering laugh of my friends, but we journey together and make our little home.

This great city is still as ever a country lane could be, for the people who toil all the week are trying to get strength and courage on the shores of Manhattan Beach or breathe fresh hope from the cooling breezes of Coney Island, so there is not yet much of Spiritualism visible, nor yet of Christianity for that matter, for nearly all the Protestant churches are closed, and the city pretty generally turned over to the devil, who, if half the stories about New York are true, has more followers here than in any other city in the union, with possibly the exception of Chicago. The Alliance have determined upon doing some good work the coming season, so I hear, and with the able presidency of Prof. Henry Kiddle, surely ought to be able to help the good cause along. The First Society has closed a successful year, and only one or two meetings will remain open during the summer.

This evening Mrs. Wallace, as charming and beautiful a lady as any one would care to see, is to speak. She has done much to gain our advocacy for our truth everywhere. New York has a newspaper called the Celestial City, which has without doubt come to stay, giving at this late day what New York always ought to have had: a paper of its own. But of all of these things I shall write you later on. Allow me to commend the constantly improved appearance of THE BETTER WAY, and but to repeat what I hear on all sides: "It is a credit to our cause." To also send to you, my fellow workers, and to your many readers every good wish for a happy summer holiday, and remain faithfully yours,

JOHN WM. FLETCHER.

New York City, July 22, 1889.

The church has grown away from the people because it has quarrelled too much with their innocent pleasures, while failing to correct the evils incident to human weakness among its own flock.—Evansville, Ind. Courier.

The Safest

AND most powerful alterative is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young and old are alike benefited by its use. For the eruptive diseases peculiar to children nothing else is so effective as this medicine, while its agreeable flavor makes it easy to administer.

"My little boy had large scrofulous ulcers on his neck and throat from which he suffered terribly. Two physicians attended him, but he grew continually worse under their care, and everybody expected he would die. I had heard of the remarkable cures effected by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and decided to have my boy try it. Shortly after he began to take this medicine, the ulcers commenced healing, and, after using several bottles, he was entirely cured. He is now as healthy and strong as any boy of his age."—William F. Dougherty, Hampton, Va.

"In May last, my youngest child, fourteen months old, began to have sores gather on its head and body. We applied various simple remedies without avail. The sores increased in number and discharged copiously. A physician was called, but the sores continued to multiply until in a few months they nearly covered the child's head and body. At last we began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a few days a marked change for the better was manifest. The sores assumed a more healthy condition, the discharges were gradually diminished, and finally ceased altogether. The child is livelier, its skin is fresher, and its appetite better than we have observed for months."—Frank M. Griffin, Long Point, Texas.

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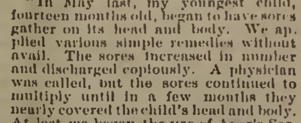

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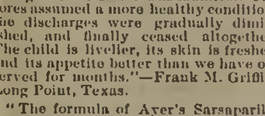

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Store Keeper.—My son, be careful.

Store Keeper.—Why, boy, what's the matter?
Boy.—Dad knows more about Sweat Pads than I thought he did, and I knows more 'bout lickin'. GIVE ME A "SUCCESS."

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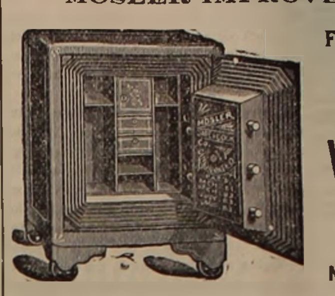

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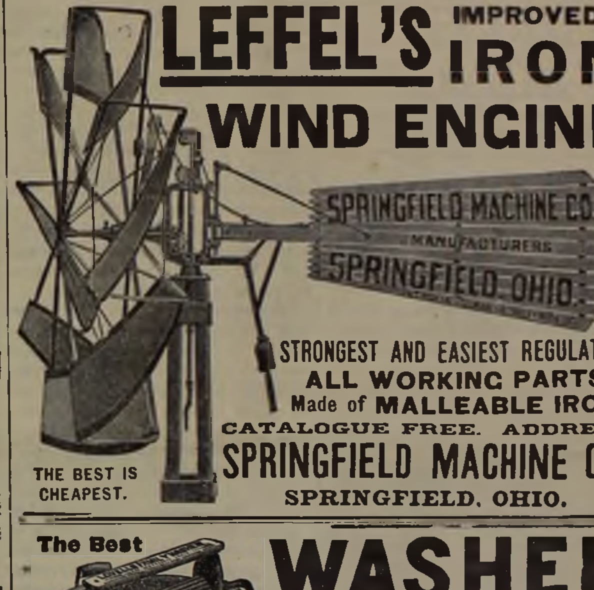
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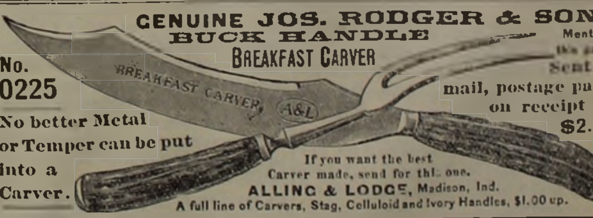

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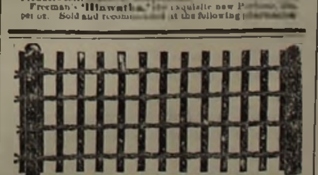

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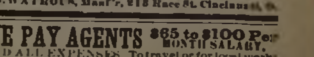

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S. W. Cor. Plum & McFarland Sts.

CINCINNATI - - - - AUGUST 3, 1889

A. F. MELCHERS - - - EDITOR

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; *Two Dollars* and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent *Six Months* for $1 00.

THE BETTER WAY cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonorable or unworthy of action.

When the post-office address of THE BETTER WAY is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to
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Cincinnati Camp Meeting--June, 1890.

With mediumship begins suffering.

Have faith in your intuitions; they never lead astray.

By doing our duty towards our fellow men, we pay tribute to God.

Reasoning on nature either backward or forward we must eventually touch on spirit.

People who think the world needs reforming, must not forget that they constitute a part of it.

Whatever is worth combatting must be true from the fact that that which is not true hardly seems to concern us.

Let not your angry passions rise; they vitiate your blood and spoil your beauty—by raising boils on your face.

Where would the bible have been if the prophets of old had been compelled to pay a license of $300 for practicing their mediumship?

Do not care to listen to the wrongs you hear of your fellow-beings, but take delight in listening to that which is said good of them.

How much are our representatives worth morally, should be the leading question of every Spiritualist, for the world judges us by our leaders, teachers, speakers or mediums.

Contempt for a belief, a theory, or a person, is indicative of self-sufficiency, for it implies superiority of reasoning powers, knowledge or individuality over another. It does not allow for intuition, which is really superior to intellect or worldly education.

Our subscribers will remember that the date on the wrapper serves as a receipt for THE BETTER WAY, being valid, in courts or law if necessary. As soon as you see the date altered you have a receipt for your money. Tear anyone off and paste in your receipt book. It constitutes a voucher.

Light from the spirit world is "ground" through us as we are most receptive to it, and as it is one of personal benefit to us also. Before giving it up to the world therefore, apply it to self. If you cannot abide by it, you must not expect others to follow it. Examples and not precepts alone reform the world.

The grandest work that a man can accomplish is a knowledge of himself and by means of that knowledge to cultivate a spirituality that shall have absolute control of the physical; thus holding the passional man ever in subjection. He who understands himself understands life and its mysteries.

Giving up in tender affection to one's children, is regarded by some people as weakness—probably by those who know not of true love. Were all mankind possessed of this "weakness" for one another, how different things would appear; how more lovely the sun would seem to shine, how much prettier the flowers would seem to bloom; and how much more faultless we all would look to one another.

To understand Spiritualism scientifically or philosophically the study of self must form the basis of its undertaking; for Spiritualism is God or nature expressing itself through man, and without looking within the most ardent student can gain but a superficial comprehension of it. Book knowledge or experience in physical manifestations alone does not make a Spiritualist in its full meaning. Self-knowledge is the cream of it all.

The regular Spiritualistic services are intended for the public, but the seances for private only—the "conditions" needed already prescribing this as an essential feature and says in no uncertain terms that the public is *not* invited. Many may be called but comparatively few are chosen at the first sitting, either indicating that their "conditions" are not yet ripened to receive the full light, or that they are not wanted. Of course, a persistency in seeking finally leads to the light, because such willingness unfolds the "conditions" needed.

PHYSICAL MEDIUMS.

Physical mediums, also called "sensitives", and through whom manifestations of a physical nature, or manifestations cognizable to the exterior senses occur, are persons in whom the sense organs are well developed—it being taken for granted that the spirit body is understood as constituting part of the physical body. In fact it is the real sensorium of the latter; for when detached from it, the physical body becomes but a piece of inert matter. When we say well developed, we therefore mean in spirit.

Now, all the organs in man have an individual consciousness of facts. It is not only the eye or the ear that senses things, but the lungs, liver, stomach, spleen and kidneys also enjoy life according to circumstances. An exhilarating atmosphere, for example, cannot be enjoyed through the sense of taste or touch, but it is enjoyed through a sense peculiar to the lungs—except we wish to dispense with a classification of senses and reduce the whole to one faculty or attribute namely, consciousness. In this event, we must concentrate our subject to the brain; and then we will not be right, for the consciousness centered there is but a reflex of the only absolute life principle existing in man, the soul. And as the soul has no organs or definite modes of sensing things as the exterior man has, we must reason from existing circumstances or effects as we find them to order. Life in the cause is undoubtedly a concentration of all forms of sensation into one attribute, but as we have not yet reached that unified or purely intelligent (spiritual) state, we must exercise our intelligence or consciousness in its distributive state or modes of expressing itself through matter. Man is to a large extent a material being, even after throwing off the mortal coil; for we doubt that he becomes a purely spiritual life condition before severing himself from the corpereal appendage. The spirit body is undoubtedly a condition of matter, and but one degree, in many instances, above planetary matter. Its invisibility does not prove it to be very superior, for there are many forms of planetary matter that are also invisible and gross or heavy enough to be subject to the material part of the law of gravity—it being supposed that every so-called law or electric influence has a purely spiritual counterpart as well as other conditions of matter and life entities have—except we wish to discard the possibility of force being in any way material, and regarding all that which has motion, action, energy or velocity, as spiritual. We leave that to taste, not having any partiality on the question.

Thus we say that physical mediums are those who have the sense organs well developed. As "sensitives" this assertion is even more applicable, for the clairvoyant, clairaudiant, clairsentient, and those who are enabled to sense perfume and other odors in connection with spiritual nature, are cognizant of supra-mundane objects through almost the same sense or sense organs that non-mediums or non sensitives are in cognizing material things. Virtually, it is the same organ, but its vibration is more rapid—more spiritualized, as it is generally understood, and in which super-active state it assimilates with spiritual nature and that which is in it—thus cognizing or sensing spirit through whichever organ is developed to the standard necessary to bring it into harmonious vibration with supra-mundane or spiritual nature.

Now, physical mediums proper, or through whom the phenomena occur, are not only spiritually developed in sight, hearing, feeling etc., but in the organs aforementioned, everyone having its definite sense and affording spirits a different mode of manifesting themselves, either independent of or through the medium direct. Independent of the medium they utilize the aural emanations or magnetic fluid arising from these various organs; in some instances using them all, as in the full form materialization. In other manifestations, probably one or two or three are made use of.—Acting *through* the medium the latter will find by observation, that he or she becomes conscious of spirit presence or spirit control through some of the internal as well as external organs—both in part and in whole, and accounts for the reason why some persons cannot explain the nature of their mediumship, simply attributing it to "sensitiveness" without definiteness as in the gifts of clairvoyance and clairaudiance.

But all these come under the class of physical mediums nevertheless, whether the spirit manifests itself independently or through the medium directly, for the spirit is dependent on one or the other physical organs for identity or to make known its presence, and not entirely dependent on the medium's brain for this purpose. Such come under the head of mental mediums; although there are mediums who are both sensitives and psychics, and some in whom the gift exists as a combination between the two, and of which healing is one of these phases or gifts.

But directly physical mediums are not impressional, although they do become intelligently conscious of the spirits meaning when the latter are manifesting for an intelligent effect. Some understand the spirits' meaning by the slightest touch, having established a mode of communion strictly individual, while others have a more generalized method as that employed by sensitives in reading character or give what is termed a psychometric reading, but which is anything else except soul-reading. Those who cognize all the "conditions" of another through their material body, should settle upon some term applicable to this gift. If anything it is organic reading—except when sensing diseases only, and which event we may call it diagnosing, this term having already been generally accepted for the last named effect. But to call this psychometrizing, leads astray and will cause more and more confusion as the various sensations, through which spirits may be cognized, become more definitely understood. The five-sense theory has been long ago exploded by the addition of a sixth sense called intuition, but this belongs to the soul, and is not the only definite sense existing there—love being as much a sense as intuition is, if intuition is to be styled a sense—except they are to be regarded as a development of the physical senses—a spiritualization of those known as the material. But physical sight is one thing, and spiritual sight (clairvoyance) is another. Now, may we not recognize a still higher development in this as soul sight? What else is discernment, judgement, astute discrimination, penetration of causes and psychometry in its true meaning, but interior or soul sight? May not all the senses take a like intelligent or purely spiritual termination in the soul—the intelligent life-principle of the triune being called man? Or do they all centre there into one attribute as they evidently existed in spirit or causation?

However, we have touched upon something which others must have cognized ere this, and in many cases, undoubtedly inexplicable to themselves. Whether agreed upon or not, that the sensations perceived by the lungs, liver, stomach, etc., are senses *per se*, is of no vital importance, as long as the individual, who has been troubled with peculiar sensations in these regions during spirit control or spirit presence, obtains a cue to account for things otherwise not explainable. But that the pleasing sensation felt on the liver during laughter is not the same as that experienced on the body during a bath, is evident. Nor is the gratification of hunger a sense of feeling as we understand feeling the difference in temperatures. So there are other sensations which gradually rise into the emotional or spiritual, and from thence into the purely intellectual or mental—psychometry being in a measure a sense, and the highest so far known in which there is a trace of causation still perceived by many.

Intuition, although placed in the category of senses by a French academy of sciences, we think, is farther away from real sensation than any other form of consciousness—it being a cognizance of things unseen, unheard or unfelt, unaccompanied by even the slightest emotion, and appearing like interior illuminations or like the mirroring of existing facts on the soul, or in the soul, either. Mediums, who receive light through this means, are known as psychics; and when such light comes in connection with spirit names, they know that it is coming from an individualized intelligence, and then term it inspiration. But this is strictly the action of intelligence, and therefore not perceived as sensation, and as it is not thus perceived, it cannot be strictly labled as such. Magnetism comes nearer to it, as this we can perceive through our senses; but intelligence we can only perceive through our intelligence or soul nature—like conditions according with each other readily. And when we perceive the presence of spirits on our physical body, we may believe that their condition is analogous to our own—either material or magnetic, sensation according with sensation and intelligence with intelligence. Thus all mediums who feel the presence of spirits on or through their physical nature are, or belong to the category of physical mediums.

We are despised in comparison to the contempt we individually harbor for others. If not always by mortals, at least by the intelligence that governs and surrounds us—impulses from the spirit world bearing upon us in accord with those we send forth, like attracting like, and which may account for the uneasy conscience we have after having spoken uncharitably of somebody and the light-heartedness or feeling of joy and happiness we experience after a good deed or a kind impulse in favor of another being. Such is cause and effect. The spirit world is in accord with the law or life principle of the universe and we are in accord with the spirit world, and what affects one affects the other, every act, thought or emotion reacting on us according to its just deserts—its being.

There seems to be a few people (comparatively) who are really disbelievers in a hereafter, though there are many who affirm it. Of course, they never tell of the little secret hope they have within. It would be "old womanish" to admit this, and they might be laughed at by others of their own category—those with that same secret hope that it will be "all right" anyhow. False pride or so-called human pride is one of the great obstacles that prevent many from acknowledging a belief in a future life and also from avowing themselves Spiritualists. You need not be ashamed of that which is good. Some may smile, but the majority don't mean it, and those that do are revilers whose "good" opinion is not worth having. Do right and you will even shame the devil finally. Honesty lends every one moral courage to downface the scoffer.

POLITICAL HARMONY.

Although this is not a political organ, and in fact, could not be under present circumstances, for we are above party politics, we cannot refrain from giving vent to a few thoughts occasionally as they occur to us, when regarding the political horizon from this standpoint— partly the effect of experience and partly the effect of new impressions bearing upon it. Whether they are of practical value or ever will be we know not, but very commonplace suggestions sometimes lead to great results when properly applied or improved upon by minds whose suggestive qualities are inactive in consequence of their more active qualifications for carrying out suggestions—workers, so-to-say—more positive than negative—more executive in force of character than receptive to inspiration or the creation of ideas. In a word, practical, while the negative individual is often but an idealist compared with him. But both are necessary for progress, as the inspirations of the past, though not applicable in their time, are proving to-day. Ideals or theories are mostly facts in gestation—to be carried out practically by those whose talents are of a more positive nature and when the proper time arrives.

We know, for example, that the major part of the respectable element in the Northern and Western states, is to be found in the so-called republican party; also that the same fact holds good with the so-called democratic party of the South. Not that we wish to assert the contrary of the opposite parties in these two sections; for we know there are respectable republicans in the South, and of the very best among the democrats in the North and West. But both are governed by the politicians to a great extent, which is the cause of much misunderstanding between the people themselves. We are satisfied that the New South—that element which has sprung up since the war and which is now beginning to assume control—is ready and willing to combine with the respectable portion of the republican party, and which constitutes the majority, for the purpose of instituting a new party, without regard to name, providing sectionalism be dropped out of politics, and the old-fogy element and politicians be ignored, as they are trying to do in the South, and with marked success in many localities.

The New South has nothing in common with the Old, except a bond of sympathy for their ancestors, which is but natural that it should exist. Otherwise there is nothing that will intervene to mar their loyalty as American citizens. The questions which caused the past disturbances have been effectually settled and accepted —although the New South had nothing in that respect to accept. They are simply a new people, reared with new ideas, or rather American ideas as they are natural to one who loves his native country. Because a small minority exhibit an antagonistic feeling towards the North, it does not bespeak of the true nature of the Southern people. There is just as much of it existing in the North, and, like in the South, it is to be found principally among the ancients or those who have not advanced with the age.

Truly progressive minds do not hold on to past ideas, opinions, sectional feeling nor any of the doctrines held by their forefathers, and such are the ones who should rule the country. If this element would combine, they would find themselves in the large majority everywhere, and could then, without fear or favor from the politicians, nominate whom they desire to have as their representatives—and elect them.

When will this pretty dream come to pass—this political millennium?

OUR LAWS.

Some of our political papers, and they should know, seem to think that the civil service law is a failure; a ridiculous scare crow; a threat against liberty; a political machine and a nuisance generally.

The obscene literature law is regarded with a like disfavor, because it does not prevent really obscene matters from passing through the mails, yet has been the cause of incarcerating men teaching valuable physiological truths, and for selling standard works of art and literature—acts which any European congress of law makers would regard as ridiculously silly or of immature mentality.

Now they are endeavoring to fasten a Sunday law on us which will prove equally as follysome, and which, if passed, will prove a most pestiferous and aggravating little clincher on personal freedom that ever was imposed on any community since the days of the Blue Laws in New England. But we hope no U. S. Congress will permit itself to be blinded to that extent, or temporarily have the wool pulled over its ears in order to give puritanism sway in govermental affairs, for it might bring forth an unsought-for change in the general politics of the day. But probably this is needed and the above might furnish the incentive which shall lead to a better era and higher political freedom. At present it is at a low ebb indeed.

Over half of the civilized world is sick, though the majority do not know what ails them because the effects are kept in abeyance by spirit power. Languor, discontent and restlessness are all indications of physical ailments, but it requires more than ordinary M. D. penetration to diagnose the cases. Psychometry only will bring the causes to light, and self-study is the best college for graduation in this science. While graduating we are also undergoing a cure. Thus self-cure will be the greatest physical life preserver.

BE GENEROUS.

Every now and then we obtain, as a P. S., from some contributor or agent, the advice or the warning to leave out of our paper everything pertaining to Theosophy or Re-incarnation, some even saying it is the only objectionable part of the whole paper.

Friends, have you ever calculated what percentage of reading matter has been devoted to these subjects. Not one per cent., although we certainly have more than that percentage of readers who like a whiff of light or comfort thrown to them once in a while also—even if there is nothing more than a moment's pleasure in it while reading.

Are believers in these two philosophies, or theories as you like, not entitled to a little sympathy as well as other human beings. Why would you treat them with contempt because they choose to believe in these things? Don't you know it is just a little selfish to wish to rob others of their soul food; and just a little self-sufficient to have disdain for others on account of their belief, it virtually meaning to imply that they are absolutely wrong and we are absolutely right. It is Pharasaical; and though we advocate neither, we would not dare to pronounce any one's belief wrong—too well knowing the consequences of such emotions—the reaction which the spiritual side of nature has on our soul natures, when thinking disdainfully of our fellow creatures. This law exerts the same influence on all alike, but not all perceive it readily enough to prevent or ameliorate the direful results that follow later.

That which we know by experience to be absolutely wrong or untrue we may criticize without danger, but to tamper with that of which we are ignorant ourselves we are apt to get burned.

THE BETTER WAY desires to bring comfort or light to all, and we know many worthy and highly educated people who are both believers and advocates of these two doctrines. But they never request us to drop anything in Spiritualism that is objectionable to them. In fact, many have told us to avoid the subjects rather than to displease our readers. Now, couldn't we also be charitable enough to throw a tub to the whale occasionally for the benefit of those who like a little of it in theirs? It won't be much, and you need not read it; there will always be something else good to read instead. As we are ourselves generous, we receive from the spirit realms the balm needed to soothe our own lives and lighten our burdens, but as we refuse to others the law presses upon us for like effect—every one attracting to himself just what he dispenses to others. All are God's children and not one should begrudge another that which he likes or desires and especially not if it costs us nothing to grant it. Do unto others, etc.

A spirit that cannot rise above slurs and cheap criticisms in the course of its remarks through a medium is not the kind that can benefit mankind much. No honest spirit belittles another's beliefs or opinions—especially not when held sacred by mortals, for the spirit who is in the least advanced beyond the earth-bound or human condition, is not only charitable enough to resist this, but clairvoyant enough to know that every individual is guided to believe what is best for his spiritual unfoldment; and the spirit that can not see this is still in darkness itself.—Finely spunned sarcasms as they are often iterated by our rostrum mediums are not the effects of contempt as in the former case, but of humor, proven by the fact that they create humor. Remarks that irritate have no love in them.

He who in the future says, "I believe" will be regarded as being very innocent or young in experience. A man will either have to know or not know. Speculations and suppositions will be adjudicated as idle brain creations or the weak efforts of an individual soul. Soul effort or the intuitive affirmations of our interior nature will only be accepted as opinion among men, and this means to know positively if not absolutely, i. e., we express as much of the real truth as we feel, even if we do not know the whole. What follows this is idle speculation. Mediums already partake of this rule to a great extent, they, like spirits, either know a thing positively or they know nothing about it. Speculation to them is disagreeable.

With every selfish act, whether through perverted acquisitiveness, injustice towards others, or malice, we imprison ourselves in an aura which drags us to earth and subjects us to its disagreeable influences (emanating from both mortals and spirits), to disease and contagion, and withal, dulls our intuitive faculties, which brings about troubles that otherwise could have been avoided. Love—generosity, sympathy, charity—has a reverse effect, making us light hearted, positive to disease and clear minded (intuitive). The latter neutralizes the former when these conditions are known to exist. Melancholy, sadness, insomnia, discontent, dubiousness or gloomy forebodings are indicators to that effect. To become happy, therefore, follow the golden rule conscientiously.

Clergyman (to dressmaker)—"Do you ever go to church?" "Yes, indeed, that's the best place in the world to keep up with the latest fashions. I don't know how I'd manage to get along if it wasn't for the church!"

Religion is the central truth of the world. If it is not, then every trace of it in the heart of man, and every presentation of it in man's life and history, has been and is a delusion, a snare and an absurdity. If it be not vital and warm truth the quicker, more universally and successfully the world revolts from it, dissolves the bonds which connect us with it, and breaks every link of the chains binding us to it, the better. Humbugs hamper the development of humanity, and the worse is the hampering in proportion to the piety of the humbug. There is no middle ground. If religion be false break with it at once and forever. If it be true then is it truth beyond price. It overrules all that is human, affecting the destinies of man individually and collectively. We needs must entirely adopt and revere, or entirely disown and despise it. Agnosticism is the mental half-way-house of the mental mountebank. The issue between Spiritualism and materialism, is between religion and atheism.

Law as compared with newspapers is like a spider's web with a swarm of flies at a safe distance throwing darts at it. But while the law is compelled by force of circumstances, to passively submit to this treatment, it is secretly concocting schemes by which to catch these flies in its meshes. Beware. Muzzling the press for any cause whatever is the corner-stone to centralization. Keep the press on the outside of the law—it is the only hope of a people's government.

[Editorials Continued on Page 8.]

Testimonial to Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Omro, Wis.

Ten years ago last April my mother, Mrs. —— Drake, then eighty-five years of age, was afflicted with rose cancer on the nose, that had been growing for some time until it was as large as a small-sized hen's egg. It had commenced eating and discharging a milky substance streaked with blood, when Dr. J. C. Phillips (Magnetic and Clairvoyant Healer of this place) was called to make an examination and prescribe for her. In about ten days after taking his remedies a change in the discharge of the cancer took place and continue to improve until at the end of two months the growth had entirely disappeared and healed nicely, leaving the place as smooth as the rest of her face. She was living with me at the above date, and is still living in Rockford, Ill., and has not had a recurrence of a cancerous nature since the above named cure.

Signed. MRS. L. M. HALL.
Omro, Wis., Oct. 13, 1887.

Lily Dale Camp.

I promised when leaving your sanctum in May to say through your columns something good when I met such. I have met it.

At Warren, Ohio, I had a fine class in spiritual science and the philosophy of Spiritualism. Nearly all were leading members of churches. I stood by the philosophy and science, and now they all stand by science and the philosophy. Many cures resulted.

At Youngstown, Ohio, a city of 40,000, I found a disposition to welcome progressive sentiments. I soon had a class of forty members. While imparting the science I expounded the grand truths of Spiritualism. The latter has not been established here but it is invited and it can easily entrench. Several mediums could do well here. Any inclining to come would better address William R. Dickson, box 159. Hoping that some of the inspirational speakers may turn attention to this ripe field, we organized a progressive society, with Mr. Dickson as secretary; he is firm in the philosophy. In the leading daily paper we have a controversy now in progress with the defender of the ignorance and dogmas of theology. We claim to be ahead and intend to win. THE BETTER WAY will do good work while visiting the subscribers there whom we obtained.

En route to Watkins Glenn, N. Y. I stopped off July 25th to engage a cottage at Lily Dale Camp, designing to return by August 5th and remain through the season.

It is surprising to see 150 cottages on the grounds. Several are three-story and many fine enough for Broadway, New York.

The president, A. Gaston, a genial gentleman, is attentive to the general interests.

The Grand Hotel is run in first-class style by C. H. Gregory. Those addressing him will get his remarkable low rates for room and board.

The little steamers on Cassadaga Lake and fishing privileges lend to the attraction of the resorters. Excursion rates are given on the railways to all who attend.

Considering the array of talent a rich feast awaits investigators of truth.

On the 28th Walter Howell gave an able and eloquent and opening lecture.

Many prominent parties are on the grounds, and the management say that the camp never opened with near as many in attendance as it has this year. Many new buildings are approaching completion. The tents are coming and success is sure. THE BETTER WAY greeted us on the center tables of many cottages. We presume it is to have an active representative here.

Mrs. Dr. R. M. Thomas, of Cardington, O., Dr. G. A. Ferris, of Cleveland, and other magnetic physicians are at work; many other healers are coming, hence the afflicted may hope for cure. In Library Hall, belonging to the association, the writer hereof will give talks and conduct healing meetings in spiritual science, dividing the fees evenly with the association. Also in his cottage several science healers will attend to the afflicted who call there.

All who attend this charming resort and hear the grand speakers of world-wide fame will go home in September richly rewarded for their time and effort.

A. J. SWARTS, PH. D.,
President S. S. Union.

Obituary.

Rhinaldo Reed, aged 13 years, son of Thurbin Reed, of Fairport, Ohio, was accidently drowned in the lake at that point, on Saturday, July 20th.

His mortal remains were taken to East Claridon for interment by the side of his arisen mother. Services were held by the writer at the Methodist Church, where a large circle of relatives, worthy Spiritualists, with many neighbors and friends, strangers to our faith, gathered to express their sympathy with the family thus suddenly bereaved. A flower transplanted from the garden of earth to the beautiful vales of the beyond, we can but say, "It is well."

Yours fraternally, MYRA F. PAINE.

Testimonial.

B. F. POOL, Clinton Iowa.

Dear Sir:—In my correspondence from this and foreign countries, I have received many inquiries about you and your Melted Pebble Spectacles. I have paid from $3 to $15 a pair for my spectacles; but never received the satisfaction that I have from wearing a pair of your Melted Pebble Spectacles that only cost me $1.10. I most cheerfully recommend your clairvoyant method of fitting the eyes. DR. A. B. DOBSON.

Maquoketa, Ia., July 2, '89.

CORRESPONDENCE

Savannah, Ga.

"The Ohio man, Dupont Bell, who chews tobacco and calls himself the new messiah, is now confined at the State lunatic asylum at Milledgeville. His preaching made such a disturbance in Liberty county that a warrant for lunacy was sworn out, and early this morning he was arrested at Fleming. The arrest was made at daybreak to prevent the negroes coming to his assistance."

And that's just the way the Christians of to-day would treat a "sure-enough" Christ, if he were to come. Christians who go sailing around a flat earth and sit up nights looking at the "planets" through telescopes and preaching evolution can't stand a tramp Jesus.—L. A. Thornton, in Iron Clad Age.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A correspondent writes: Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, temporarily stopping here, made an excursion to Gull Lake on Sunday the 21st inst., and there became the guest of Dr. Johnson, the well-known clairvoyant physician. In the presence of many witnesses he consented to give a seance for telegraphic spirit communication through the aid of his battery and sounder. For three hours the instrument ticked out messages, and finally diagnosed a case of a young lady by having a handkerchief placed near the box. The diagnosis was correct in every particular, to the surprise of those present. Dr. Johnson was then controlled to speak, and the spirit in charge complimented Dr. Rothermel very highly. Dr. R. held another seance in this place on Thursday evening and is now at Toledo O., where he may be addressed in care of Judge John Fitch.

Mantua Station, O.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Mantua Association of Spiritualists will be held at Mantua Station, Ohio, Sunday, August 4th.

Exercises in King's Opera House at 10 a. m. Evening exercises 7:30 p. m.

J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, Mass., the well-known and able lecturer, vocalist and medium, has been engaged to give the following exercises:

PROGRAM.

A. M.

1. Song—Sunshine After Shadow.
2. Poem—1848—The Advent—1889.
3. Song—From Shore to Shore.
4. Lecture—Modern Spiritualism in the Dawn of Victory.
5. Song—'Tis Coming.

P. M.

1. Song—Life's Story.
2. Poem—The Unbeliever.
3. Song—While the Days are Going By.
4. Lecture—Spiritualism and Morality.
5. Song—Island of Sometime.
6. An Exercise in Mental Mediumship, if Possible.

P. M—General Conference.

Admission in the evening, 10 cents, to assist in paying expenses. The public are cordially invited.

By order of the committee.

L. KING, President.

F. G. WILSON, Sec'y.

Charleston, O.

A meeting of many of the northern Ohio Spiritualists was held July 14th at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brown in Charleston, O. The weather was fine, in fact all that could be desired, and friends came from far and near for the first time listened to the truths of our beautiful philosophy. The meeting was called to order by chairman L. C. Todd, followed by vocal and instrumental music by the Prichard family. Prof. D. M. King, Mr. Todd and Mrs. E. J. Beardsmore, a fine inspirational medium, formerly of your city, each in turn presented us with many fine and practical truths.

After partaking of a bounteous repast furnished by the friends, the afternoon meeting was opened by music by Miss Todd, and the sweet songs by others who were present. D. M. King then favored us with one of his masterly addresses, which was listened to with rapt attention by the large and intelligent audience. After music Mr. King gave us a few psychometric readings, which were well received by all present; those who were present at a spiritual meeting for the first time not only gave the most profound attention, but expressed a desire for a speedy and earnest investigation of this—to them—new religion. Thus you see the good work is progressing everywhere; people are tired of the dry husks of old theology and are asking for something of a more elevated and spiritual nature than what has been given them by the churches in the past, and those who had the pleasure of hearing Brother King unite in saying that he should be kept constantly in the field as a laborer in the spiritual vineyard.

MRS. M. A. MERRELL.

Punderson Lake, O.

The union meeting held here July 21st was a decided success in every respect. Fine weather and splendid accommodations with beautiful surroundings contributed in no small degree to the inspiring influences. On account of the serious illness of Mrs. Everitt, one of the earliest pioneers, and now an aged lady, and the mother-in-law of Prof. D. M. King, he could not be present, truly to the loss of the very large attentive and apparently much interested and intelligent audience.

The excellent music provided by the Stone family was well received by both speakers and audience. The morning exercises consisted of music by the band and choir. Invocation by Mrs Paine. Lecture by F. G. Wilson's Guide. Subject, "What is spirit," was so presented that it seemed a blending of facts and inquiry, following each other in a rapid, logical yet brilliant manner, clearly and plainly illustrating the sublime facts of immortality as being a result of natural law and the heritage of man.

At the close, Towanda, the Indian chief, gave an invocation in his own language. The dinner and social was enjoyed, and at 2 p. m. the meeting again convened. Exercises—beginning with music, then a poem, "Room to Learn," was read and well received, then the lecture on a number of subjects pertaining to the spiritual philosophy were given by Mrs. Myra Paine, whose guides gave forth sweet discourse for nearly two hours in her usual clear, forcible and exceedingly earnest style, presenting the practical applications of the spiritual philosophy to elevate all classes and grades of people in the world and result in the eventual equalizing of the human race.

Such grove gatherings are the source of much benefit in reaching and presenting the truth to the masses. It is already proposed to hold another here in September or October next. S. Gould, president of the Ober Union, announced their next meeting for Sunday, July 28th, at 11 a. m. H. Potter, South Newberry, O. and F. G. Wilson, as the lecturers. THE BETTER WAY was distributed to many anxious inquirers, and its merits as the leading spiritual paper earnestly commended. Yours fraternally, ORION.

July 22, '89.

Mt. Pleasant Park.

Your correspondent arrived last evening and found many of the old campers on the ground, all prepared to have a grand good time at our forthcoming meeting. The camp never looked more lovelier than at the present time, the spring rains have caused a beautiful carpet of nature's green, which covers the entire camp. There is the usual number of campers found at this stage of the meeting, and each coming train brings its compliment of new arrivals. Workmen are busy in completing necessary repairs, which will be finished in time for the opening of the regular exercises on Sunday. Among the prominent workers and mediums already on the ground are J. H. Loveland, our worthy president, who is looking hale and hearty, ready and willing to voice the grand inspirations which are at all times a feast of good things to those who are fortunate enough to hear him. Jay Chappel is also here. Among the mediums are Olive Blodgett, of Davenport; Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Maquoketa; Dr. J. C. Phillips, formerly of Omro, Wis.; A. B. Lawrence, of Milwaukee, Wis.; Will C. Hodge and others. Dr Munson has charge of the restaurant, and will satisfy all who patronize him with all the good things that the market affords. His place is clean and well kept, with attentive waiters. Mrs. Dobson, as usual, has charge of the bazaar and post office. Dr. Phillips has a penchant for fine commodious tents, and as usual has the finest one on the grounds. He is in good working order and ready to do his share in pushing the car along. Prof. Loveland will give the opening address Sunday morning, and Jennie B. Hagan will occupy the rostrum in the afternoon.

JIM.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

In the midst of many interruptions, I will try to jot down the happenings of Lookout Camp.

Yesterday (Sunday) three largely attended services were held. Mrs. Richmond in the morning and Mrs. Glading in the afternoon and the first mentioned to-day in the evening, eloquently and convincingly elucidated the philosophy of Spiritualism. Mrs Richmond will remain with us another week, greatly to our satisfaction.

During the past week a great many strangers and investigators have attended the meetings and sought out our mediums for private sittings. There are many who sneer at and deride Spiritualists, but the only way to meet such crudeness is to bear in mind that evolution is an all powerful agent in the scale of progression, and that each soul will in turn come into spiritual light and understanding.

Mrs. A. C. Hawkes, the slate-writing medium, of whom mention was made in my last report, has given great satisfaction in her seances.

Mrs. Kibby, of your city, continues to convince her numerous sitters that spirit return and communion is a fact.

Mrs. Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., has made many friends here. She is a fine medium and a respected lady.

Mrs. Clauney meets with success in her mission of giving light to the seeking public. She is advanced in years and of feeble frame, but spirit control still finds in her a valuable instrument.

Mrs. Anna Cissna, for several weeks expected here, but detained through illness, will arrive the first of August. There are many anxiously awaiting her coming.

Mrs. Ruffin is greatly missed, but as she has become a Lookouter by investment in stock, we feel that another season will find her here for an extended visit. We appreciate her womanly work.

Mr. Jerry Robinson and his charming family are on the grounds daily. Mr. R. is too widely known as a gentleman of large generosity for me to add commending adjectives to his name. He helps our cause by word and act.

Natural Bridge Springs hotel and cottages are crowded. We have our hands full of business. There are several large families here, and the children find ample space to play in. Pure air and water here the year round.

L. J. Russell, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H., arrived here on Saturday last. Mr. Russell is a prominent business man and a Spiritualist of long standing. He is an old friend of Dr. Fuller's, and his advent was a cause for rejoicing generally. We are New England people, and occasionally long for a glimpse of familiar faces and a clasp of hands grown dear to us.

S. N. Baldwin, wife and son, of Port Gibson, Miss., are at Hickory Cottage.

Mrs. Sheehan, of your city, will arrive shortly. We hear her well spoken of.

Dr. B. M. Lawrence, who arrives shortly, has sent us copies of his new hymn book.

The annual business meeting has not yet settled its affairs in full, but will, in all probability, this week. I will give a report of the election of officers, etc., at the earliest date possible.

Prospects are growing brighter for the Lookout Campmeeting Association of Spiritualists. This place will become famous in a spiritual way as it has in a material.

GEORGIA DAVENPORT FULLER.

July 29, 1889.

Opening of Cassadaga Free Lake Association.

The tenth annual session of this association opened its romantically beautiful grounds to the public, on the 26th of July, for a five week's session of inspirational speaking, daily conferences, lyceum instruction for the children, of whom there are enough for a district school on the island for the rest of the year—and dances for the young people on Wednesday and Saturday evenings (not on Sunday, as has been erroneously stated).

The new library hall affords opportunity for classes upon physical and metaphysical instruction, and one is to be formed this week by Dr. Street, of Boston, who is a genial gentleman of varied and traveled experiences, and who is to be chairman for the early part of the session.

Walter Howell, a blind medium, who for many years was an uneducated prodigy in the Methodist Churches of England, none knowing that his wonderful talent as a boy was spiritual and inspirational, gave the opening address on Friday afternoon, to a small but appreciative audience. His addresses upon questions given by the audience are deep and powerful, and no scholar in the land could find fault with the logic or construction of language.

It is a pathetic sight, and one's heart cannot but warm toward this young man, standing before the large audience that usually convene here, with nearly sightless eyes from birth (consealed however by glasses), wholly unlettered, but in the "self-same hour it is given him," what he shall speak to the multitude of anxious questioners upon the great mysteries of life, death and futurity.

Yesterday (Sunday) he explained, that so illumined had become his own mind by the development of spirit power and guidance, and so intensely conscious was he of his subjects of thought and utterance, that he could not distinguish his own from the higher. This was included in his five answers to the topic of "Progressive Mediumship."

The weather has been fine, and on Saturday arrived from Buffalo one of the Anderson's life size spirit pictures of a famed Indian chief of the Oneida tribe, by name, Abram Antone, who was executed sixty-six years ago, in 1823, by the unjust laws of the white man, for a feud in which another was killed, but for whose life he had paid ransom to the tribe, according to Indian usages. The brief story, as published in a New York State paper of that date, is one of romantic interest, concerning chiefly a beautiful daughter of his, whose resemblance to his beloved mother had made her very dear to his heart. It is material for any novelists of the Cooper order. The massive picture is a heavy, old-style, gilt frame, was donated by a party in Buffalo; the original owner paying to Anderson the sum of five hundred dollars, although it was sketched in its exquisite fineness, in an incredibly short time.

On Saturday I gave the subject to Mrs R. S. Lillie, of Boston, which was left for a concluding poem, and to say that after its grand delivery we all coveted it in a more permanent form, is but faintly to express our admiration of it.

A brief outline of the unfortunate but genuinely noble Antone's story is this: That a spark of the divine is imbedded in earthly clay to work out its destiny.

That finding itself in the crude, unformed, unprogressive conditions in which he was placed unconscious of his being or destiny, yet with aspirations surging within for nobler things, than simply the toil and pleasures of the chase—"to slay and eat" yet with no instruction where to turn save to the dull earth beneath, and the voiceless stars above, what wonder that a vain desire for such inglorious power as man can wield among his fellow men, should have crept into his untutored heart, as well as into that of his more highly favored white brother. It was through this that he fell from his native estate of royalty and innocence in his early youth.

And the crime of a life he then took of a half-breed brother, who had been underhandedly appointed paymaster to his tribe by the whites, an office of influence which he coveted, and had applied for darkened all his after years and those of his descendants. His noble mien upon the scaffold, the smile that illumined his handsome features, like that of an obscured, but setting sun, exhibiting his native worthiness, turned all hearts in his favor even those, of both men and women, who had ridden fifty miles to witness the exit of the famed but dreaded Indian.

From spirit land he beheld his life with all its ignorance and errors, and oft returned to do good deeds for the benefit of humanity, until he had worked out his salvation, as must every soul, sooner or later. "And this is the message of Antone."

There he stands as pictured by the spirit artist, in royal, native costume, serene of soul, without a trace upon his semi-Indian features of the dark passions that blighted his life and that of his lovely but misguided daughter. In his hand is a wreathed staff of native wood, while at his feet are such perfectly beautiful flowers in profusion, that it is said it would take a mortal artist months to complete such a picture.

But half a week has past, and this is but the first of the pleasing incidents one meets with at Lily Dale. The array of talent for this meeting is unequalled in extent by that of any other; and when these speakers go elsewhere, others will come from other associations, from Lake Pleasant, Iowa, from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, from the East and the West, and will close with words of wisdom from that highly endowed metaphysicist, W. J. Colville, now in San Francisco. The hotel is constantly being improved, and in words of highest praise it is said, "these people understand their business."

LEWISE OLIVER.

Onset Bay, Mass.

Doctor and Mrs. Dumont C. Dake, of New York, are at "Old Pan" cottage. Dr. Dake was called to attend a lady who was taken suddenly and dangerously ill; he soon gave relief and proceeded to the temple where was being held a Fact meeting. Immediately the patient's mother took control of Miss Maggie Gaule, a celebrated medium from Baltimore, and thanked the doctor for saving the life of her daughter. Dr. Dake is well known in New York and vicinity for his wonderful cures.

Miss Alice Sinclair leads the congregational singing at the meetings this year in place of Charlie Sullivan, who is engaged at Queen City Park this season. Miss Sinclair occasionally favors the audience with a solo which is very much enjoyed.

Passengers travelling by the Onset Station line are sure to get the vacant seat. Bring your tickets to Onset Station and accept no other.

Onset has seven hotels. Hotel Brockton has again opened under the management of a new proprietor, Mr. C. P. Fernald. It is a temperance hotel this year. The Avenue Hotel, Mr. N. Poole, proprietor; is doing a good business. The Glen Cave House is a select family hotel, and well conducted. Hotel Onset, under the same management as last year, is in a good location, commanding a fine view of the bay and harbor. The Washburn House table is of wide-spread notoriety and is always full. Washburn House ice-cream cannot be beat. Union Villa, F. L. Union, proprietor, has large airy rooms and good table.

Onset is blessed with two photograph galleries, both vieing with each other as to quality of work, and both busy. Out door views of cottages a specialty.

Monday (15th) was a rainy day at Onset, keeping every one in doors and quiet.

Mrs. Celia M. Nickerson delivered the Tuesday afternoon lecture to a good audience. Her subject was "The real object and mission of life." It was an intellectual and instructive discourse.

Wednesday Fact meeting was a very interesting one. A very heavy storm of wind and rain, accompanied by hail stones of monstrous size swept over Onset in the afternoon. The meeting was held in the temple. Parties who had gone down to the bay fishing and sailing came home dry, the storm not having reached them.

The captain and mate of steamer Island Home, which brought excursionists to Onset from New Bedford Sunday, were arrested by the harbor commissioners for running their boat without life preservers and the necessary small boats in case of accident.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing is giving through her hand many tests and words of encouragement to sorrowing ones, who are looking longingly for comfort from the spirit world.

Parties of men, women and children go almost daily in yachts to the "burnt district" for blue berries, which are plenty and of good size.

Mr. E. C. White has opened ice cream parlors at Aquarian cottage.

A party of friends gathered at Eagle Lodge Sunday evening, it being the 80th birthday of Mrs. Sullivan, the mother of Charles W. Sullivan, our esteemed musician. Relic room of the lodge is now open to visitors. Many rare and curious articles are to be found on exhibition there.

Dr. Stansbury, of California, is developing a new phase of mediumship. Messages come on a single slate while the doctor and sitter hold the slate together before a mirror; first a thin film is seen to appear and then the writing gradually forms, growing plainer and plainer, and in a large, bold, plain hand.

Dr and Mrs. Haslam, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are with us for a short time, and are talking strongly of building a fine country residence at Onset to be furnished in exquisite style.

Lots for sale; enquire of Augusta F. Tripp, corner of Wareham avenue and Eleventh street, or direct to box 230 Onset, Mass.

Thursday there was a Fact meeting.

Friday a conference, which was well attended, and very interesting.

All the available yachts are called into requisition after each afternoon meeting to take parties sailing. The blue waters of the bay look very tempting, and the boating, which is good here, is enjoyed by many.

Steamer Island Home brought an excursion party from New Bedford Friday.

Saturday being stormy the meeting was held in the pavilion, Mrs. Celia Nickerson being the lecturer in the afternoon. Her subject, "Forgiveness," followed by the well known favorite, Mr. Edgar W Emerson with tests.

Mr and Mrs. Kates are with us this season, and are located on Park street near Highland avenue. Mrs. Kates holds her circles three evenings in the week.

If you have any news that you desire to have extensively circulated just agree with to whom you impart it that it shall go no further—you will find it the most effectual way of advertising and saves expense. No charge for information.

Two hundred and twenty-three registered at headquarters since the opening, hailing from all parts of the United States.

Saturday evening a ball was given in the temple, and in spite of the wind and rain a large number were in attendance. A good crowd and an enjoyable entertainment.

"George Washington Valorion Peck Stout, that's my name," a familiar adjunct to every camp meeting is with us again, discoursing sweet music from his accordeon which, together with his fine voice attracts as much as formerly, and has lost none of his former melody.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, meeting was preceded as is the usual custom by a concert by the celebrated Middleboro band. Mr. Fairchild opened the meeting by introducing Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who offered an invocation, followed by Miss Sinclair in a solo finely rendered, after which Mrs. Byrnes took for her subject of the morning, "Preaching and practicing." The lecture was stirring and matter of fact, plain and unvarnished. An advanced strong-minded and practical woman Celia Burley said, its ones work to preach and anothers to practice. Spiritualists love dearly to be preached to, and yet they sit with their hands folded and forget to practice. If you go back forty years in your experience you would see what marvelous things you predicted for the years to come, but how have you fulfilled the prediction; have you practiced as well as preached? With old theology in one hand and new theology in the other we have got a little mixed. We are looking for happiness 'over there;' why not be happy here in this beautiful world? Alas! we preach happiness, but we do very little practicing. We have chronic beliefs handed down to us as we have chronic scrofula and rheumatism handed down, and we preach and preach, but talk is not what we want; we want practice. We have been swinging on the lullaby of sleep like a babe in its mother's arms until it will take more than one Gabriel to wake us, and while we are preaching instead of practicing, the churches are stealing our thunder, and good enough for us. Let us look to the preaching, but decidedly more carefully to the practice. Mr. Edgar Emerson closed the meeting with tests, giving many, both concise and satisfactory. The afternoon meeting opened by a concert from the band with cornet solo, and Mrs. Byrnes took for her afternoon subject "Spiritualism." After the services of the day an open air concert by the band, was given under the tent at the depot. In the evening a seance was held in the temple by Mrs. Carrie Irving and Mrs. G. W. Kates, while Horatio, William and Mary Eddy gave one of their old time seances at the pavilion, which was very entertaining.

Facts convention will be held Thursday and Wednesday of this week. More anon.

July 22, '89. AUGUSTA F. TRIPP.

Unless more care is given to the hair, the coming man is liable to be a hairless animal; hence, to prevent the hair from falling use Hall's Hair Renewer.

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One pair Melted Pebble Spectacles, $1 10; one pint Eye Wash, 50 cents; one bottle Cure for Catarrh, $1.10, when ordered at one time, all will be sent, postage paid, for $2.50.

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VINELAND, N. J.

What We Know of Dr. Fellows.

Inquiries are frequently received asking what we know about Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J.. First, we know that he is a reliable gentleman of rare professional skill, who has earned success by good work. Second that he fulfills all his agreements to the letter. Third, that he has performed cures of hopeless cases that in the olden time his skill would have been called miraculous. Fourth and last, we know him to be an honest man, and a staunch Spiritualist.—THE BETTER WAY.

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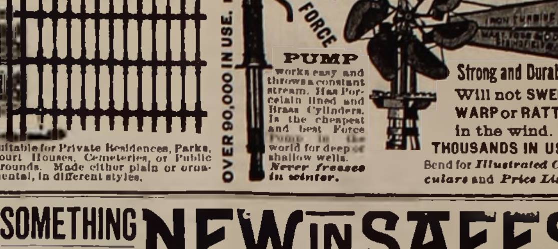

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SPIRIT MESSAGES

Given through the Mediumship of Henry H. Warner, Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Guides, Waubenekuhn and Watonowan, Wednesday, July 24, 1889.

INVOCATION.

Thou Infinite Father and Mother Nature: We rejoice in the truths of thy infinite love and mercy. The grand lessons of life are day by day being unfolded to man through thy ministering angels, our loved ones who have gone before. Day by day we are nearing the goal of the higher life and we have heard the sighing of gentle breezes that waft sweet perfumes from the evergreen hills of immortality, and voices have floated to us from the unseen in nature, telling us of the glories of the eternal. hands have been stretched forth from behind the vail, painting for us beauteous pictures upon the canvas of life; ever pointing the road to the land of progress and eternal life; ever teaching us of the laws of compensation whereby each must account for his own deeds, resting upon his own merits, as there is no help for us in the merits of another, no matter how great and good they may have been. Help us then to live, not prepared to die, but prepared to live forever in thy love and wisdom. Amen.

ELMORE A. REED.

My home was formerly in West Depere now Nicollet, Wisconsin. There is where I was born and lived until the day my body was drowned in the Fox river, from falling off the steamer, John Shay. I desire to reach my father and mother, John and Ellen Reed. They named me after Andrew Elmore, of Green Bay. It was ten years ago that it happened; I was eighteen years old at the time and the way it occured was by the boat striking against the wharf knocking me off the railing at the bow, where I was standing to cast off a line and as the boat swung back I fell between the boat and the dock. Father and mother I want you to know that your boy still lives and comes often in the home.

PERRY WEBSTER.

My home was once in Graysville, Tenn., where I have a dear mother now living, and in reply to her questions I say yes, the visit you made to Lookout Mountain did me good and I have been taking drawing lessons over here. The land of rest is indeed beautiful and I am happy here; it was hard to be taken from you in the way I was but I have outgrown those conditions and am ever striving to do good.

SANGATOOGA.

I come this morning from the land of the setting sun, where my medium, Mrs. Sarah Seal, lives in the city of the Golden Gate. Her life has been full of crosses in the past, and when the husband passed away so suddenly, although I had tried to warn you in the morning, yet you were not prepared to have his body brought home to you by his fellow workmen with the life crushed out by the accident. The husband is here with me and he sends much love to you saying he ever draws near to you to sustain and cheer you. We cannot always do as we would and as there are others here who desire to communicate to their friends, Sangatooga, the Sioux chief bids you farewell.

HENRY BEIGHLE.

I do not know whether many of the people in San Francisco will remember me or not but there is one who will and to her I say, Nelly, dear heart, you need not fear, for there is a band of faithful workers who have ever stood by your side in the dark hours of the past, when sorrow and affliction were your portion and shall we desert you now when you are so near the haven of rest? No! We draw still closer around you and ever strengthen you with our presence. This is the symbol that is given to us for you. A wreath of laurel leaves, among which are twined blossoms of heart's-ease, sweet mignonette, and lilies of the valley, the laurel is the emblem of your victory over all opposition; the heart's-ease is what you have been to many weary travelers on life's highway; the mignonette, the sweet incense of love and harmony that you are continually giving unto others; and the lilies typify the music of the spiritual realms to which your heart is ever attuned. May you ever realize the presence of the angel loved ones near you to guide and sustain you. To Mrs. Dr. Beighle, San Francisco.

JAMES PERCEVAL.

I was born in Griswold, Connecticut, and resided there for many years until I enlisted in the Sixteenth Connecticut Volunteers. I was a merchant dealing in dry-goods, and when the call came for troops, I at once raised a company of which I was appointed Captain. My company was B I rose to the rank of Lieut. Colonel and was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. I want my friends to know that I am still on duty.

WILLIAM M. WRIGHT.

It is now a number of years since, I passed from earth, a cancer caused by the excessive use of liquor and tobacco. And right here let me say, I am not giving this as a test, for the medium is personally acquainted with me, but I do desire to say a few words giving my actual personal experience. I know some one will say, "Old Bill Wright" never used as good language as that. Well, I always knew enough to get some one else to do the literary for me, and that's what I am up to now. When my spirit left the body, I lingered near for some time, hardly realizing the fact that I was what some people call dead. I both saw and heard Hattie and Ed and Ella and Walt weeping and my faithful companion. I tried in vain to draw their attention but in vain, they only had eyes for the body on the bed. After that had been laid away in the cemetery, I found myself led away into a strange place, by a number of people, who were very bright and beautiful in appearance; to my surprise, I noticed among them a number of Indians, but when I endeavored to question them, they motioned to me for silence, and I fell into an unconscious state. How long I remained in that condition I am unable to state. On awaking I found myself lying on what to me seemed to be a couch placed in the center of a large, airy room. All the old aches and pains of that old trouble were gone. Arising from the couch, I attempted to pass through the doorway, but in vain for I was met at the door by one of the Indians whom I had seen before. He motioned me back, saying in a melodious voice, "You are not yet ready to pass from here." Gently he led me back to the couch and signed to me to again lie down, then took a seat by my side, taking my hands in his. A thrill went through every part of me, like the current from an electric battery. Then in low soft tones he explained to me the position I was in. Much that he said was grand and beautiful, so much so, as to be beyond the power of any language of mine to give to you. He said that in a day or two I would be removed to another place, where my past life would be shown to me, and the work I would have to do to outgrow the condition I was in. The place I was then in was a hospital founded for the benefit of those who were in my condition. On the second day after this, he entered with a number of companions, who formed a circle around me and immediately a deep slumber came upon me: when I awoke it was in a large and well lighted room in which the only visible objects were the couch upon which I lay and a large mirror that was set in the wall facing the couch. While wondering at the strangeness of my surroundings, I heard music that sounded as if at a distance, and my attention was at once fixed upon the mirror; a mist formed upon its surface and then I saw my mother holding a babe in her arms and that babe was myself; step by step my life was pictured before me, and I saw the hideousness of the liquor traffic as never before; there stood the victims of my greed for money and political power; so hideous were parts of the picture that I forgot the brighter portions, in fact they only made the gloom blacker by contrast. I was filled with sorrow and remorse and I asked aloud in my anguish what shall I do to make atonement, and a voice answered me saying "Go forth, and seek the forgiveness of those thou hast wronged, and seek to do for others, that which this day has been done for thee." And so I arose and went forth to do that which was said, and gradually my burdens have been lifted until today I stand a free man ever striving to rise by helping others. I will be remembered by many at Friendship, Wisconsin, where I kept a hotel for many years; was Sheriff and served as a soldier in Company K, Thirty-Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers.

WAUBENEKUHN.

The one who has just spoken gives this as his individual experience, and not as the experience all must pass through; each one passes through an experience of his own; varied to meet the necessities of his case. The great mistake made by many people both in earth and spirit life is in assuming these experiences to be general instead of individual. In the grand arcana of nature there lie hidden mighty secrets which even the most advanced spirit has not yet discovered. When we stand in the presence of nature and behold the wondrous growth of the ages we are filled with awe and admiration. We cannot escape the laws of nature; whichever way we turn we are confronted by them; nowhere are we beyond the reach of nature; we cannot break her laws; they are immutable, everlasting; we may attempt a perversion of those laws, but invariably we meet with crushing defeat and nature marches ever onward with majestic step.

The scientist tells us spirits and spirit communion are an impossibility; but a hundred years ago there were no steamships that could take you on board at New York and land you in Liverpool, in a little over five days; no telegraph or telephone; no steam or electric railroads, and the man who suggested them was called crazy; but to-day they exist, and so do spirits and spirit communion, and always have and always will.

Theology.

"Theology is not religion, and that those who say it is are ignorant of the meaning of the two words." Perhaps not, but we will look at the definition of the two words as given in the dictionary:

"Theology, the science which treats of the existence and attributes of God and of his relations to man; divinity."

"Religion, duty to God; practical piety: a system of divine faith and worship."

A little different in the wording, we admit, but so nearly alike in substance that we cannot have one without the other. Theology may be called the trunk of the tree of which religion is the branches and foliage. Thus theology "treats of the existence and attributes of God;" and religion is "a system of divine faith and worship." As a tree is formed of its trunk, branches, and foliage, so religion is formed of a system of divine faith and worship," and theology has invented this system.
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Only a thin veil between us.
There are homes over there.
Mother's love purest and best.
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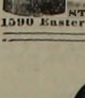

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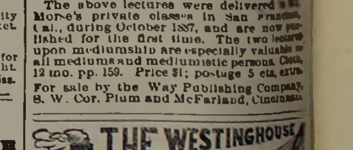

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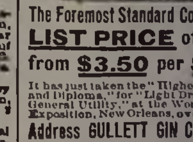
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THE ELECTRIC AGE.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

The application of electricity for our convenience and comfort is one of the marvels of the age. Never in the history of the world has there been so rapid a development of an occult science. Prior to 1819 very little was known in regard to magnetism and electricity. During that year Oersted discovered that an electric current would deflect a magnetic needle, thus showing that there was some relationship between electric and magnetic force. A few months later, Arago and Sir Humphry Davy, independently of each other, discovered that by coiling a wire around a piece of iron, and passing an electric current through it, the iron would possess, for the time being, all the properties of a magnet. In 1825 William Sturgeon of London bent a piece of wire in the form of the letter U, wound a second wire around it, and, upon connecting it with a galvanic battery, discovered that the first wire became magnetic, but lost its magnetic property the moment the battery was disconnected. The idea of a telegraphic signal came to him, but the electric impulse, through his rude apparatus, faded out at a distance of fifty feet. In 1830 Prof. Joseph Henry of this country constructed a line of wire, one and one-half miles in length, and sent a current of electricity through it, ringing a bell at the farther end. The following year Professor Faraday discovered magnetic induction. This, in brief, is the genesis of magnetic electricity, which is the basis of all that has been accomplished in electrical science.

The first advance after these discoveries was in the development of the electric telegraph—the discovery in 1837, by the philosopher Steinhill, that the earth could serve as a conductor, thus requiring but one wire in the employment of an electric current. Simultaneously came Morse's invention of the mechanism for the telegraph in 1844, foreshadowed by Henry in the ringing of bells, thus transmitting intelligence by sound. Four years later, in 1848, Prof. M. G. Farmer, still living in Eliot, Me., attached an electro-magnet to clock-work for the striking of bells to give an alarm of fire. The same idea came to William F. Channing. The mechanism, constructed simply to illustrate the idea by Professor Farmer, was placed on the roof of the Court House in Boston, and connected with the telegraph wire leading to New York, and an alarm rung by the operator in that city. The application of electricity for giving definite information to firemen was first made in Boston, and it was my privilege to give the first alarm on the afternoon of April 12, 1852.

At the close of the last century, Benjamin Thompson, born in Woburn, Mass., known to the world as Count Rumford, was in the workshop of the military arsenal of the King of Bavaria in Munich, superintending the boring of a cannon. The machinery was worked by two horses. He was surprised at the amount of heat which was generated, for when he threw the borings into a tumbler filled with cold water, it was set to boiling, greatly to the astonishment of the workmen. Whence came the heat? What was heat? The old philosopher said that it was an element. By experiment he discovered that a horse working two hours and twenty minutes with the boring machinery would heat nineteen pounds of water to the boiling point. He traced the heat to the horse, but with all his acumen he did not go on with the induction to the hay and oats—to the earth—the sunshine and rain—and so get back to the sun. One hundred years ago there was no chemical science worthy of the name—no knowledge of the constitution of plants of the properties of light and heat. The old philosophers considered light and heat to be fluids, which passed out of substances when they were too full. Count Rumford showed that motion was convertible into heat, but did not trace the motion to its source, so far as we know, in the sun.

It is only forty-six years since Professor Joule first demonstrated the mutual relations of all the manifestations of nature's energy. Thirty-nine years only have passed since he announced the great law of the convertibility of force. He constructed a miniature churn which held one pound of water, and connected the revolving paddle of the churn with a wheel moved by a pound weight, wound up the weight and set the paddles in motion. A thermometer detected the change of temperature and a graduated scale marked the distance traversed by the descending weight. Repeated experiments show that a pound weight falling 772 feet would raise the temperature of water one degree, and that this was an unvarying law. This was transferring gravitation to heat, and the law held good when applied to electricity, magnetism and chemical infinity, leading to the conclusion that there were severally manifestations of one universal power.—Congregationalist.

Whither are We Drifting.

"We can only judge the future by the past," said Patrick Henry. Now, let us look at the past. When darkness settled over Egypt, and she lost her place among the great nations of the earth, three per cent. of her population owned ninety seven per cent. of her wealth. When Babylon went down, two per cent. of her population owned the land. The people were starved to death. When the sun of Rome set in black despair eighteen men owned all the then known world. For the past thirty years—more particularly since the close of the civil war—The United States has moved rapidly along the path followed by these old nations. In 1850 our capitalists owned thirty-seven and a half per cent. of the nation's wealth. In 1870, only twenty years later, they owned 63 per cent., having almost doubled their accumulations. They have more than kept up this rate since 1870, and probably now own fully eighty per cent. as the total wealth of the country. What proportion of the population holds this large per cent. it is not easy to determine, but it probably does not exceed ten per cent., is using its immense power in every department of business and government, in the developing and prosecution of schemes for making the poor poorer. The question is pertinent. "Whither are we drifting."—Workman, Dayton, O.

The Motions of the Earth.

It is not often that we see an article on astronomical topic that awakens any degree of interest. Most of the phenomena in the heavens depend upon causes which can only be demonstrated by the most abstruse mathematical calculations, and it is, therefore, hard to populate any topic of this science. Galileo was imprisoned for promulgating the sublime doctrine of the earth's revolutions, and it is within our recollection when people here thought it was madness to believe in it. Still the earth does move—and the world, too, moves, and in obedience to this cause day and night, spring and summer, autumn and winter, come and go, as they have done in the ages past.

We herewith publish an article to the point from the Youth's Companion.

The earth revolves on her axis in twenty-three hours, fifty-six minutes and four seconds. This time is required for one rotation from a star round to the same star again. The revolution is therefore called a sidereal day.

While the earth has been turning on her axis, she has been advancing in her orbit, and it will take her four minutes on the average to come to the same position in regard to the sun; thus, adding four minutes to the length of the sidereal day, giving twenty-four hours for the solar day.

The time of the axis rotation has not varied the hundredth part of a second in two thousand years. It may, therefore, be considered as invariable, and is consequently adopted as the fundmental unit in astronomical measurement.

The earth revolves in her orbit around the sun in 365.26 days, giving another standard measure of time, the length of the year. The velocity of the earth in her orbit, is almost incomprehensible, for the huge sphere spins along at the average rate of eighteen miles a second. The earth's orbital revolution and the inclination of her axis to the place of the ecliptic cause the changes of the seasons and the varying length of the day and night.

The earth has a more complicated motion known as the procession of the equinoxes. It consists of a wabbling motion of the pole of the heavens around the pole of the ecliptic in a small circle requiring twenty five thousand years to complete. It is caused by the attraction of the sun and moon upon the earth at the equator. Consequently, ecliptic and equator do not cross at the same point, but the equinoctial falls back each year fifty seconds of a degree.

One effect of this move is to change the polar star, for to whatever part of the heavens the pole points, the nearest star to that point is the polar star. The present polar star will no longer enjoy that distinction three thousand years hence, and the brilliant Vega will be the polar star twelve thousand years hence.

The earth is moving through space. The Sun carrying with him the planets, satellites, comets and meteoric bodies following in train, is hastening toward a point in the constellation Hercules, at the rapid pace of twenty thousand miles an hour.

It might seem that, traveling at this rate, the goal must soon be reached. Such, however, is the inconceivable distance of stars; that more than a million years must pass before our sun and his family, at the present rate of travel, have spanned the depths of the space that intervene between their present position and the shining suns of Hercules.

Written for The Better Way.

A Materialization in the Sunlight—My Bees.

Thinking your readers might be interested in the following experience of the writer, I append. In the fall of 1887, I entered Boston, Mass., a comparative stranger, in company with Mrs. S. A. White, of Onset, with whom I had passed a few weeks, in New York, trying to settle for business in mediumship. Under direction of guides, however, I accompanied my friend to Boston, where we sojourned with a good family on West Cedar Street. The location, however, proved obscure and I could not determine the course to pursue, after trying in vain to advertise my location in the Banner of Light. I suddenly remembered my Indian guide had said all would be well, some months before, and told Mrs. Putnam, of Onset, she would be my house keeper, during the coming winter. One night I had retired gloomy and disheartened, when I saw in the middle of the room, a bee hive, conical in shape with a lively working swarm of golden-winged honey-gatherers. At the same time a voice whispered "In the Lord's kingdom there is room for *all* and work for the *smallest*."

I arose in the morning and dressed with the feeling that something unusual would occur—and it did. Mrs. Putnam called, sent as she declared by the Indian. We went and found our wigwam on Columbus Avenue where I did faithful service in the cause during the year. Now comes the singular part of this spirit vision. During succeeding months, those bees would be described by clairvoyants, as working over my head. Finally, I left Cincinnati for Michigan this month to visit family and friends. Arriving in the evening, I was warmly welcomed. The next day while at dinner, a lady came in and announced a swarm of bees in the cherry tree at my friends back door. Just then a spirit voice said: "We sent the bees." My friend who is a grocer said, he desired no acquaintance with the business end of a hornet's nest; but we secured a starch box and procured the little family, and set them to house-keeping. I have since then hived two swarms successfully, and though I have attended many seances, for various phenomena, a more lively interesting time I never enjoyed, than my Michigan materialization in the golden sunlight.

EMMA J. NICKERSON.

"Why Should Christians Oppose Spiritualism."

Mr. Editor:—February 8th, I had the pleasure of listening to a discourse on the above subject by Mrs. Nellie T. Brigham. She invited the audience to select subjects for her to speak on, and as a general silence prevailed, I proposed the above. This, and the subject, "Progression After Death," were all that were offered her.

Mrs. Brigham is a bright and intelligent woman, a good speaker, keeping the audience rivited to the last. As an impromptu affair, it was a superior production, abounding in many historical citations and forcible conclusions One of our best historians in the city was present, and he declared she quoted history correctly.

I thought I could judge impartially, for I was not particularly interested who "came out ahead;" but I must confess that I believed she showed conclusively that Christians, instead of opposing Spiritualism, should hail it with enthusiasm, as a new link which binds the human to the angel. She proved by many Bible quotations that the wonders, miracles, and prophecies were only spiritual manifestations, of which we find the counterpart in the present time.

But the conclusion was as logical as the rest of her discourse. She concluded by saying that she could not conceive how a Spiritualist could condemn the Bible, as it abounded in spiritual truths, and Christians and Spiritualists should work in harmony.

I am no prophet, but I wrote in the Investigator that the time would come when we would have but one class of Spiritualists—The Christian Spiritualists. This is only another item going to prove that I am right. Her impromptu rhyming was very good, and showed she was a lady of fine culture.

J. D. KRUSCHKE.

Piqua, O., Feb 17, 1889

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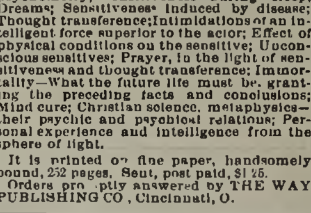

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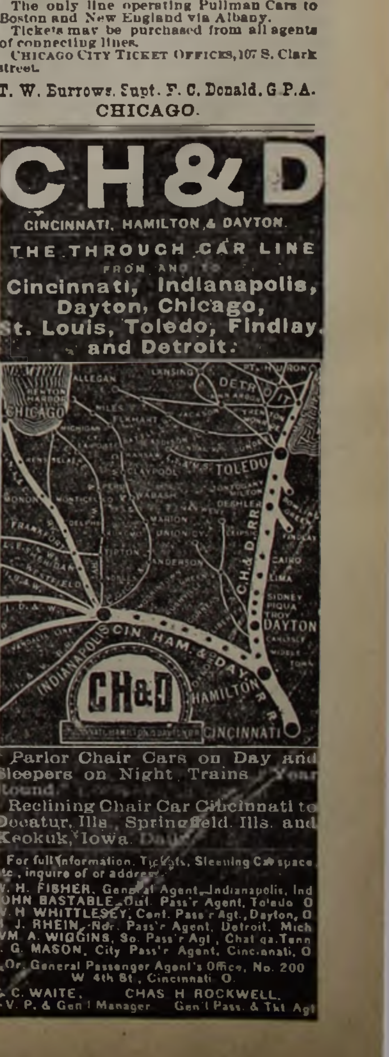

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THE BETTER WAY.

[Editorials Continued from Fourth Page.]

RELIGIOUS RIGHTS IN OHIO.

The constitution of the state of Ohio, as it now stands, opens thus:

"We, the people of the State of Ohio, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, to secure its blessings and promote our common welfare, do establish this Constitution."

In article I, "Bill of Rights," Section 7, it reads:

"All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own conscience. No person shall be compelled to attend, erect, or support any place of worship, or maintain any form of worship, against his consent; and no preference shall be given, by law, to any religious society; nor shall any interference with the rights of conscience be permitted. No religious test shall be required, as a qualification for office, nor shall any person be incompetent to be a witness on account of his religious belief; but nothing herein shall be construed to dispense with oaths and affirmations. Religion, morality, and knowledge, however, being essential to good government, it shall be the duty of the general assembly to pass suitable laws to protect every religious denomination in the peaceable enjoyment of its own mode of public worship, and to encourage schools and the means of instruction." (See Const. 1802, Art. VIII, § 3,25.)

We have before stated that there are men in office who are ignorant of the laws in their own jurisdiction. Such men have no right to an office, for they do not know their business—are not "qualified" as the Constitution undoubtedly demands, and may be displaced upon request of citizens who have reasons to believe that they have not been dealt with according to the demands of the law.

The Ohio Valley Missionary Society has not been dealt with according to the rights given it by the Constitution, and its charter ignored, the police judge to whom it was presented saying, that had he been the Secretary of State, he would not have granted the charter. It is not a question as to what he would have done, but what the State has done. It has given protection to a religious society "in the peaceable enjoyment of its own mode of public worship."

Now, Catholics have a different mode of worship from the Protestants; the Quakers have a mode of their own; so have the Jews; and so have the Spiritualists. Why this police judge should not have granted the charter to one religious society any more than to another we leave to the revellings of his own conscience to settle.

There is certainly no greater preventative from crime than a thorough study of the Spiritual Philosophy, for when a man believes or knows that he is being watched by spirits he is not very apt to do that which other mortals think they can do without being seen. If this is not religion or morality we would like to know what is. Can anyone who ignores Spiritualism inform us?

Spiritualism through its mediums, teaches that there is a life hereafter, and that man is individually responsible for every wrong act he does; that he will suffer not only for these, but for every bad thought, emotion, or impulse which he sends forth;and that man can only become happy in the hereafter by living a moral and temperate life while on earth. To inspire to this, and that he is not living in vain hopes, it proves to him the immortality of the soul by the return of the departed through so-called mediums. The moral status of the medium though has nothing to do with this great fact, the spirits simply utilizing those who have the "spiritual gift" spoken of by St. Paul to the Corinthians (I Cor. 12 Chap); and if one falls from grace occasionally, it is not our fault. But as the officers of the O. V. M. A. only grants a license to those whom they know to be genuine and of moral character, they are entitled to the same protection that ordained ministers of other religious societies are that hold a charter from the State of Ohio, whether taking a fee for their mode of ministering to the religious wants of seekers or not. The ordinary fee of a medium is but one dollar, and more genuine spiritual consolation is obtained for that small sum than what an ordained minister of the gospel can give for five. Both need food, clothing and shelter, and neither can be obtained without money, thus it is no more unspiritual for a medium to accept a fee for his or her ministering than it is for a parson or a priest to do so. Why not demand a license from priests for giving consolation after a penitent's confession? Why not fine them for accepting a fee?

Such is a case in hand. Mrs. Hilliard, a spiritual medium, was brought before a Cincinnati police judge, and fined $50 for practicing her mediumship, i. e. attending to her ministerial duties, without a license, which is $300, although she held a certificate from the Ohio Valley Missionary Association, a religious organization, chartered by the state, and empowered to appoint its missionaries when and where needed. As above stated, all this was ignored by the police judge, and the case will, in consequence be carried to a higher court, where it is hoped, the state laws will be better understood and duly respected, in the event of which there is no doubt that Spiritualism will be hereafter accorded the same rights claimed by other religious systems.

To effectuate this end, an impromptu meeting of Spiritualists was held on Sunday, and there resolved to raise a fund by subcription for the purpose of carrying the case through all the courts if necessary. It was suggested however, that the mediums pay for the first case (the present one) which is only $150, and should more money be necessary to raise it from the Spiritualists. Towards the above sum a considerable portion has already been subscribed, but a surplus can do no harm. As it is a case which concerns every medium in the state, subscriptions are solicited from outside as well. Address M. G. Youmans, Johnston Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

It may be repeated here that the license of $300 required by astrologers, fortune tellers, etc., was no excuse for arresting Mrs. Hilliard for she is neither and poses only as a medium—the word "medium" having been, by a special act of the legislator stricken from the bill shortly after its passage, as a protection to the religious rights of Spiritualists in Ohio. Mediums are not fortune tellers. Those who advertise themselves as such are not acknowledged by Spiritualists here and hold no certificate as their missionaries. But if our mediums should say anything of a propethic nature during a sitting, they cannot help it, for they are in an unconscious trance condition and thus not responsible. It is the Spiritualists mode of giving consolation as any Christian minister does when he sees danger or good prospects in view for the one applying to him for spiritual advice.

NEWSPAPERS VS. LIBEL SUITS IN OHIO.

For the benefit of those who may contemplate suing newspapers in the State of Ohio for libel we publish the following as it now stands on the statutes, some of our officials being ignorant of this as of other laws and thus need enlightenment:

"Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of the right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech, or of the press. In all criminal prosecutions for libel; the truth may be given in evidence to the jury; and if it shall appear to the jury, that the matter charged as libelous is true, and was published with good motive and for justifiable ends, the party shall be acquitted" (See Const., 1802, Art. VIII, Sec. 6)

This is broad and simple and needs no further comment.

Dr. Dobson and $2,000.

Friend Chappel: Like the man in Scripture history, "this day I do remember my fault," that of not telling you of a remarkable cure performed by Dr. A. B. Dobson, of which I learned while at the Delphos camp meeting in Kansas, last September. A gentleman, learning I was from Clinton, Iowa, asked:

"Do you know Dr. Dobson, of Maquoketa, Iowa?"

"Oh yes; very well."

"Well, I know of a very remarkable cure in Minneapolis, Kan. The man was given up to die. He had spent $2,000 on various doctors, but all to no purpose. Finally a friend advised him, as a last resort, to send to Dr. Dobson, and he is now a well man. One month's medicine, just one prescription, cured him."

The man was a stranger to me, and so I made further inquiries. While in Pleasant Valley, visiting with the Benedicts and the Websters, I spoke of the matter, and I found that they knew both the man who was cured and the man who had advised him to apply to Dr. Dobson. They confirmed all that had been told me on the camp ground and more. The man's name was Cunningham, and the man who advised him to write to Dr. Dobson was a Mr. Goucher. Mr. Cunningham paid the "legal regulars" $2,000 and received no benefit; he paid Dr. Dobson for one month's medicine ($2, we believe the terms are), and was cured.

Great is the law (?) and great are our "regulars" (?), but Dr. Dobson carries away the victory.

LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Longmont, Col.

From Our Reporter's Note Book.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Don't forget to attend the Children's Lyceum.

The services at Douglass Hall closed on last Sunday until the first of September.

Mrs. Adah Sheehan will join the campers at Lookout Mountain the last of this week.

The speaker who is engaged for the month of September by the Union Society is Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston, Mass.

There seems to be considerable excitement just now over recent events in the Spiritualistic ranks in this city. Let everybody keep their heads on and wait for the official reports, which will soon be ready.

On the Saturday, August 17th, everybody who wants a good time and plenty of it, should board the East End line of street cars and ride out to Pendleton, where they will take the Columbia and Mt. Lookout cars, obtaining a transfer check for the dummy which runs from Delta Station to Mt. Lookout. Parties on Baymiller line can procure a transfer check at Sixth and Elm to East End line, good only to Washington Street, from which a five cent fare must be paid to Pendleton. Consolidated tickets good on all lines mentioned. Why thus particular? Because you want to attend the Grand Complimentary Picnic given under the auspices of the Society of Union Spiritualists, at Mt. Lookout Park, Saturday, August 17, 1889. Refreshments will be furnished at the grounds. First class music will be in attendance. Let everybody and everybody's friends and relatives turn out and have a royal good time. Procure your tickets at this office or of I. S. McCracken, corner of Fifth and Walnut Streets.

Specially Reported for The Better Way.

DOUGLASS HALL LECTURES.

On Sunday, July 28, Mrs. Adah Sheehan delivered her farewell lecture, before leaving for Lookout Mountain, Tenn., where she will remain during the month of August, resuming the lectures at Douglass Hall on the first Sunday in September. The audience numbered about three hundred people and they gave the speaker their undivided attention throughout the discourse, which was upon topics furnished by the audience. Among the topics were these: "Do you consider the astral body of the Theosophists to be the same as the spirit body of the Spiritualists?" "Has a spirit length, breadth and thickness, and can two spirits occupy the same space at the same time?" "Mediumship;" and one or two topics that the guide only touched upon in a cursory manner.

In reply to the query concerning the astral body, the guide said that his own individual opinion was that the astral body was the same as the spirit body; the name "astral" being adopted by that class of people who pay more attention to the form of words than to the actuality of facts represented by the words. He argued that man was a trinity of being—body, spirit, and soul,—instead of the septennate of the theosophical school of thought. And he thought the simpler and the fewer the terms used in the philosophical department of Spiritualism, the more firm a grasp could the mind obtain of the higher Spiritualism.

On the second topic the guide said that here again was a confusion of two elements of the human trinity—the spirit and soul. The spirit was the spirit body, which permeated every portion of the physical body in earth life, giving it form and directing its movements in obedience to the dictates of the soul intelligence. When the change came called death, the spiritual body became the counterpart of the physical as to size and appearance and in this dwelt the soul, the life-giving element. The spirit then had dimensions and no two could occupy the same space at exactly the same moment of time. The soul was the dimensionless principle of existence, and hence limitless in its occupancy of space.

On the subject of Mediumship the guide was at his best and carried the audience with him in an eloquent soul-inspiring appeal for the uplifting and ennobling of medial work—not a hero worship, blind and unreasoning, but a gentle loving sympathy for the mediums and their support and protection by the Spiritualists, and a cultivation of the highest faculties of their beings by the mediums—a consecration of the whole of their energies—mediums and seekers alike—to the attainment of the highest purity and knowledge of life in thought and action; thus, opening the door to grander, deeper, and broader inspirations of truth, love, and wisdom from the spirit realms of thought and causation.

Without any attempt at flattery, the lecture was an able, eloquent and logical discourse, surpassing the previous work of the same guide in accuracy and finish. The speaker and guides deserve the highest encomiums for the indomitable energy and perseverance with which they have overcome all obstacles in their way. Her psychometric readings were excellent.

BRIEFS.

Balloonatic is the latest for aeronautic.

When season's fresh it's forward; when man's forward he's fresh.

Rev. Herman Snow is at present a guest at Dr. Peebles', Hammonton, N. J.

The Golden Gate may be congratulated on having reached its 9th volume.

Ireland also is being awakened by Spiritualism. The cause is growing.

It has been humbly suggested that knots are used by seamen for miles because it is a nautical way of expressing it.

Mad. Diss DeBar has been taken to a convent by her friends, believing it to be the best for her in her shattered mental state.

Rev. Arnold Mattheus, a prominent rector of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Bath, Eng., has seceded from the church of Rome.

The State Society of Spiritualists of Oregon will hold their annual camp meeting at New Era, Clackamus county, beginning September 6th and holding over two Sundays.

The "Celestial City" receives its spirit messages by the occult telegraph. Well, electricity is becoming the universal motive power of the age. Why shouldn't the spirits make use of it in place of the ordinary "horse" power.

In the Youth's Department of to-days issue an article headed "The Secret Ballot" got mixed with that matter by mistake. It should have been substituted by "The Flower in the Wheat" by Student of Nature on the second page.

Mrs. Besant, Mr. Bradlaugh's partner in the editorship of the National Reformer, has exchanged Agnosticism for Theosophy, having formerly been an opponent of things spiritual. Her object, she says, is only to investigate. That's enough. She will soon be a Spiritualists now.

Mrs. Hattie Heron, wife of the Presbyterian missionary to Corea and one of the most beautiful women of upper Tennessee, has been sentenced to death by the Emperor of Corea for preaching Christianity in company with her husband, it being a capital offense for women to proselyte in that country.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

Frank G. Wilson solicits engagements as lecturer. Address box 39, Mantua Station, Ohio.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel may be addressed in care of Judge John Fitch, Paris Flats, Toledo, O.

Mr. Geo. H. Brooks may be engaged for the winter months. Address care of THE BETTER WAY.

J. H. Randall will answer calls to lectures on Spiritualism. Address, 229 Honore street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, inspirational speaker, may be addressed 55 West Exchange street, St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 205 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

F. N. Foster, the spirit artist, is now located at Peoria, Ill., and ready to take pictures from photographs, etc.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee will be located at Gouverneur, N. Y., during July, at which place she may be addressed.

Dr. Rothermel may be addressed at his residence, 388 Clifton place, Brooklyn, N. Y., for consultation or engagements.

H. R. Wardell, psychometric reader, clairvoyant and test medium. Address 206 Eleventh street, Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of 88 and 89.

Judge Featherstone is ready to answer calls to lecture. Terms moderate; correspondence solicited. Address for the present Henrietta, Tex.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Bishop A Beals may be addressed at North Clarendon, Penn., during August.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 208 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Jennie B Hagan will make engagements for fall and winter week evenings for 6, 10 and 12 lectures. Address 52 Irving street, Framingham, Mass.

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York city, will lecture during the summer months. Arrangements made by addressing her at 232 West Forty-sixth street.

Mrs. Ada Sheehan, inspirational speaker, lectures at Douglass Hall, Cincinnati, during July, and will attend the camp meetings at Lookout Mountain in August.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight will be pleased to correspond with societies wishing to engage her services as a lecturer and test medium. Address Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Mccracken, Medium for prophetic symbols, has changed her residence from Chicago to Hot Springs, Ark., where she can be addressed for written readings.

Mr. John Wm. Fletcher lectures in Saratoga, N. Y., September, October and November. Philadelphia during December. Address 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAboy, 727 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Frank T. Ripley, the platform lecturer and test medium, can be engaged for grove and camp meetings for June, July and August, anywhere by addressing him care of Banner of Light.

Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, the celebrated materializing medium, is located at 915½ Mission street, San Francisco, where she is holding seances most successfully. Correspondents please notice her address.

Mrs. Sophronia E. Warner-Bishop may be be engaged for the season of 1889 and 1890 by addressing her at 105 East Fourth st., North, Minneapolis, Minn., or in care of H. H. Warner, care of THE BETTER WAY.

Dr. D. M. King will respond to call for lectures and psychrometric readings, attend funerals and form new societies in Ohio, and also give dates for camp meeting engagements. Address box 45, Mantua Station, O.

Mrs. Myra F. Paine's address for the month of August will be Lily Dale, Chatauqua Co., N. Y (Cassadaga Camp). Would solicit correspondence for engagements to lecture in fall and winter months in Ohio, or West or South.

Dr. James A. Bliss, the developing medium, on and after May 7th, by special engagement, will give private sittings in Detroit, Mich. Engagement book now ready for names, and can be found at 18 Park place, Detroit, Mich.

Miss Emma J. Nickerson will accept engagements in Western cities the coming season. Be pleased to correspond with Societies wishing to engage her services as lecturer and test medium. Address—during July and August—Flushing, Genesee Co., Mich.

Dr. J. R. Nickless, spiritual healer, is meeting with grand success in San Francisco, Cal., practicing his gift of healing. The doctor's cordial and genial manner and the wonderful cures performed has made for him a host of friends. His office is at 108 McAllister street.

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett of Meadville, Pa., is specially recommended to us as an inspirational speaker of unusual promise. He is ready to fill engagements upon the Spiritualist platform, and would be pleased to correspond with societies with a view to engagements.

G. W. Kates and wife will spend the month of August in Philadelphia, Pa. They go West and South for fall and winter months, returning East in the spring. Societies desiring their services will address at 2234 Frankfort avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Kates will give psychometric readings by letter.

Cassadaga Free Lake Association.

THE SPIRITUALISTS

Of Western New York, Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, will hold their

TENTH ANNUAL MEETING

On their Grounds at

CASSADAGA LAKE.

CHAUTAUQUA CO., N. Y.,

From July 26th to September 1st, 1889.

HOW TO GET TO CASSADAGA.

Passengers over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway, Nickel Plate Railway, Western New York and Philadelphia Railway, and Western Division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway, change cars at Dunkirk, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Allegheny Valley and Pittsburgh Railway to Lily Dale Station.

Passengers over the "Erie" system, including the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad and the Buffalo and Southwestern Railway, change cars at Falconer Crossings, three miles east of Jamestown, N. Y., and take the Dunkirk, Alleghany Valley and Pittsburgh Railway for Lily Dale station.

Inquire of railroad ticket agents for excursion rates for Lily Dale Station.

PROGRAM.

July 26, Friday, Walter Howell, London, Eng.
July 27, Saturday, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Boston, Mass.
July 28, Sunday, Walter Howell and Mrs. R. S. Lillie.
July 29, Monday, Conference.
July 30, Tuesday, Lyman C. Howe, Fredonia, N. Y.
July 31, Wednesday, Mrs R. S. Lillie.
August 1, Thursday, Lyman C. Howe.
August 2, Friday, Walter Howell.
August 3, Saturday, Hon Sidney Dean, Warren, R. I.
August 4, Sunday, Mrs. R. Lillie and Hon. Sidney Dean.
August 5, Monday, Conference.
August 6, Tuesday, Hon. Sidney Dean.
August 7, Wednesday, J. Frank Baxter, Chelsea, Mass.
August 8, Thursday, Rev. Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn.
August 9, Friday, J. Frank Baxter.
August 10, Saturday, Mrs. A. M. Glading, Doylestown, Pa.
August 11, Sunday, J. Frank Baxter and Mrs. A. M. Glading.
August 12, Monday, Conference.
August 13, Tuesday, Mrs. A. M. Glading.
August 14, Wednesday, Rev. Samuel Watson.
August 15, Thursday, Walter Howell.
August 16, Friday, J. Clegg Wright, Newfield, N. J.
August 17, Saturday, W. C. Warner, Yorkshire, N. Y.
August 18, Sunday, J. Clegg Wright and J. J. Morse, London, Eng.
August 19, Monday, Conference.
August 20, Tuesday, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, Ravenna, O.
August 21, Wednesday, J. J. Morse.
August 22, Thursday, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.
August 23, Friday, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, S. Framington, Mass.
August 24, Saturday, Memorial Day.
August 25, Sunday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill., and Hon. A. B. Richmond, Meadville, Pa.
August 26, Monday, Conference.
August 27, Tuesday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
August 28, Wednesday, W. J. Colville, Boston, Mass.
August 29, Thursday, Miss Jennie B. Hagan.
August 30, Friday, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.
August 31, Saturday, W. J. Colville.
September 1, Sunday, Mrs. Cora L.V. Richmond and W. J. Colville.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Campers will please register their name at the Secretary's office.

No peddling of any kind allowed on the ground.

The dancing parties, given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, are a source of much enjoyment socially. They close always at 12 o'clock.

Daily papers for sale on the grounds.

Telegraph office on the grounds.

Baggage carried from the railroad to any part of the grounds at a charge of 15 cents for trunks; 10 cents for valises. Hack lines will convey passengers to and from trains or to any hotel or private house in the vicinity.

Two steamers make regular trips on the lake.

All mail and express matter intended for the camp should be addressed to Lily Dale, Chautauqua, County, N. Y.

If more circulars are desired for distribution, send a request on a postal card to

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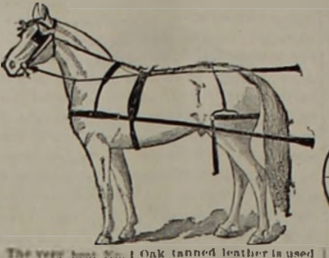

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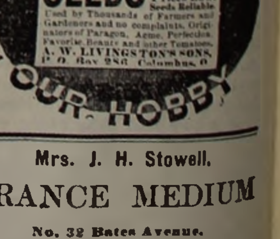
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